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ALF VON DEULMEN;
OR,
THE HISTORY
OF
THE EMPEROR PHILIP
AND HIS
DAUGHTERS.

VOL. II.

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AND HIS
DAUGHTERS.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN

BY MISS A. E. BOOTH.

VOL. II.

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ALF VON DEULMEN.

Alverda to Father Cyril.

1208.

MY heart wants consolation, and my conduct demands a guide :—to whom therefore can I, with a more confidential hope, address myself than to you? Ah, my father, the various things which I have to relate to you, concern those whom I once esteemed and loved ;—they concern Philip and Otho, with whom you were once so intimately connected.

Regret not that a persevering adherence to your duty, and an undeviating love of virtue, has driven you from court, lost you the rank of Imperial ambassador, and reduced you to your present humble state ;—for you would only have remained there to become a witness

of one of the most atrocious actions that ever disgraced human nature.—You may however regret, with the most poignant concern, that, at last, the infernal project of poisoning the heart of the best of men, and impelling him to become the murderer of his friend and father, has succeeded.

O Cyril, had you, at that time, when you accompanied the Count on his embassy to Rome, when you were eye witness to his generous contempt of every endeavour to irritate him against the Emperor ;—had you, I say, the most distant suspicion that Philip would fall by his hand ?—Must then vice be favoured ; and, with incessant power, oppress virtue, and triumph over her ? Otho would never have become a criminal, had not his judgment been corrupted by the continual breath of unwearied calumny, and his mind fatally prepared for that irretrievable deed, which, alas ! I shall save myself the lamentable task of repeating, as you must have already heard it.

To no other cause can it be attributed that Otho imbrued his hands in the blood of his friend and his father, but his belief of the Castilian marriage, which I, deceived as I was by

the artifice of others, innocently assisted to nourish in his breast; and a fictitious letter, from the Emperor to the Duke of Poland, to the disadvantage of Otho, which we now know was delivered by a secretary who had been corrupted, and has since been punished for his treachery.—The same means were employed to give a colour of probability to the marriage.—But it now appears, that the ambassadors received an absolute refusal respecting the Castilian marriage from the noble Philip, on account of his pre-engagement with Otho, of whom he could not entertain any unfavourable suspicion.—But, after all, does the knowledge and demonstration of these things render our situation more happy? Alas, it sinks us still deeper in the abyss of misery!—An ambitious tyrant would not be thus lamented as a good but mistaken father; and, how is he to be abhorred, who, through blind fury, murders his benefactor.—What a painful task it is to be obliged to detest him whom we formerly loved!

Eliza's grief is not to be expressed;—the

misfortune of losing her father in this horrid manner, had already caused her the most poignant affliction:—but to lose him by the hand of Wittelsbach,—who, alas, can paint the horror of such a strange and cruel circumstance!—and who can feel the least degree of astonishment, that she should reproach herself for having accelerated the horrid deed;—having, from a false interpretation of certain expressions in a letter from Otho, thought her lover faithless, and by severe reproaches stimulated his fury?—

Tremble for the consequences of thy severity! said he at the conclusion of that letter.—All seemed to depend on the answer to it. Ah, who could have thought, that with such a man, disappointed love would have such fatal effects?

It is now known that Philip was innocent, and that there was nothing to fear from him respecting Castile. It is also known that Otho is not faithless;—but was only suitor to the fair Adela for the Duke of Saxony;—and that the shocking action, which was produced by the supposition of all these things, is only fit to be written in the legends of hell. But who can

recall it? who can awaken the murdered Philip,—or purify Otho's hands from the stains of blood?

It is nevertheless a shocking reflection, that such a man as Otho, himself a paragon of excellence, should be by such an action so changed and perverted!—But the commission of such a crime is capable of contaminating the most noble character. I should have thought that he would have been driven, by the reflection on it, to confession, to repentance, and despair.—I should at least have thought that he would have endeavoured to disguise or extenuate the deed; but, on the contrary, he denies it with the boldest effrontery, though he committed the horrid act with so many eyes looking aghast upon him.—But this is not all;—he throws out new menaces, and projects new crimes. Alas! who could have expected such a conduct from the noble Count Palatine!—But read the inclosed letter, which Eliza received yesterday morning: and when you have heard what was the issue of it, be astonished, and lament the fallen state of your former bright example of virtue.

By the permission of the Princess, I make you the confidant of all these affairs:—she esteems

you as much as I do ; and not being always pleased with the severity of her director, the Bishop of Sutri, wishes to heary our opinion of them.

Inclosed is Wittelsbach's letter.

The Count Otbo to Eliza.

“ It is not sufficient that I, who never swerved from my vows to you, am treated in the most cruel manner by you, but you must also accuse me of being the murderer of your father. — In the most solemn manner, I declare that accusation to be false. Some man, or devil, must have assumed my form, and practised a gross deception on you all ; or, I must conclude the whole to be a pretext, that you may abandon me, without incurring the censure of the world.

But know, that I will not thus resign you ; and even though you should be secreted within those walls which are sanctified by religion, the sun shall not twice make its circuit, ere you shall be in my arms.”

This letter filled us all with the greatest

consternation.—We do not, however, give the least credit to the assertion of his innocence.—It is impossible, when there are so many witnesses, to confirm the falsehood of it: but we trembled at his menaces;—and that very evening he put them in execution. A band of armed men broke into the Princess's chamber, and carried her off.—Wittelsbach was not himself among them;—but all his principal domestics assisted; it is not, however, possible to specify the particular person who put his menace in execution. I, who had remained alone with Eliza that night, with difficulty escaped, or they would have bound me, to prevent my giving any alarm.—I knew not where to seek assistance but from my dauntless brother.—The Count Palatine's palace, in which he resides, is contiguous to ours—a few steps carried me to Adolf's chamber. I then was first informed by his keeper (for, alas! the distracted state of his mind, at the moment I ignorantly sought assistance from the unfortunate young man, had rendered a keeper necessary); it was then, I say, that I was informed of his having been missing since the preceding day. The universal tumult on the assassination of the

Emperor, must have occasioned this inattention to him, and he must have fled entirely naked, as none of the garments that had been kept from him were missing; and even the shirt in which he quitted his bed, was found in a corner of the room. Here again was fresh cause for grief and despair; though this brother had for some time ceased to shew me any mark of fraternal affection, and would, more than once have abandoned me, because I did not give him the assistance he required in his designs on the Countess of Toulouse.

Eliza's affliction rendered me less sensible to this new stroke; but as a speedy deliverance was necessary, I instantly demanded it from the Castilian ambassadors; who, notwithstanding they were repulsed by the late Emperor, still remain here, having heard that, in his last moments, he had recommended the Princess to receive the propositions of their master. This was the truth; though I know not what may be the event, or whether I shall have cause for joy or lamentation.

By the assistance of the ambassadors, particularly the valiant Count Castelmoro, our Eliza

is returned to us. They overtook her just as her conductors were going to deliver her into the hand of their lord, who was waiting for them. She has been extremely ill ever since, from the fright that she has undergone in this attempt of Otho's frantic passion.—Her sister, the Princess Beatrice, is with her, and unites her endeavours with those of the Bishops of Sutri, Spire, and Castile, to persuade the afflicted Princess that she is in duty bound to fulfil the last will of her father, and to seek that protection from the assaults of the outrageous Wittelsbach, in the arms of the Prince of Castile, which she cannot find even in the sacred retreat of a convent. She continues to defend herself against these propositions, on pretence of waiting the consent of the Empress her mother:—but how will she be able to support the afflicting news, when she is informed that this excellent woman is no more! On receiving the dreadful account of Philip's being murdered by Wittelsbach, she immediately miscarried, and her death was the hasty and fatal consequence.

When I was at the moment of concluding this letter, I received one from the chief go-

verness with the melancholy intelligence, accompanied with a request that I would communicate it with the greatest circumspection to the Princesses.—How shall I be able to execute this cruel task!—how can I plant such daggers in their hearts, and add to their accumulated affliction, without driving them to the tomb of their mother!

There is also a letter from the departed saint to her beloved children—how shall I sustain the moment when I must deliver it to them?

O, my reverend father! my head is so disordered that I scarce know what I write—I cannot speak to you of the pious Bishop Egbert, and the good Margrave of Andarks, for they are the brothers of Wittelsbach, and must be partakers of his guilt and his punishment. But all these things must remain for more mature reflection.—O Otho! Otho! of how much worth, virtue, and beauty,—art thou the curse and the destroyer!

rene to her Daughters.

1208.

WILL you be able, my dear children, to distinguish the writing that is formed by the trembling hand of your dying mother?—I use every effort to make this letter not only legible, but of the most powerful effect.—These lines are written to fulfil a great act of justice ere I die,—in protesting to you Otho Von Wittelsbach's innocence.—At that hour when the Emperor, my husband, whom I shall soon follow to a better world, fell by the steel of an assassin, the unjustly accused, the calumniated Count was sitting at my bed side; and we were pleasantly occupied in forming plans of future happiness, which by one blow are all destroyed.—Once more, I must repeat—Otho is not guilty.—O my children—my dear—my unfortunate, forsaken children! my blessings! my last blessings——

Alverda to Father Cyril.

WILL any one presume to doubt the last words of a dying person, and particularly of such a saint as this excellent Empress? Cyril, I have the letter which she wrote in my possession, and I will afford you the melancholy pleasure of reading it.—

From its contents, we must believe in Wittelsbach's innocence. Indeed, we cannot do otherwise;—and what the consequences of this discovery will be, I shall not pretend to conjecture.—Did the engagement still subsist between him and Eliza, she must remain his, in spite of every obstacle! I doubt not, nay, who can doubt, the words of the dying Empress, nor of her conviction of Wittelsbach's innocence,—No one can be more sensible of this than Eliza:—her heart still speaks for the Count, of whose innocence she is, I doubt not, fully convinced. Oh, why, why did this conviction

arrive so late, that it serves only to augment the sufferings of the afflicted Eliza.—

She yesterday became the espoused Princess of Castile. I was kept away, that there might be no interruption to these nuptials, which were completed with the greatest privacy. They knew full well that I should not see with patience any living friend of mine fill the place that had been destined for my much-loved Countess of Toulouse, who, alas, is no more. I was too well acquainted with the Castilian pomp, to desire it should be the lot of any one who was dear to me.—I knew also that Eliza possessed those sentiments which were so severely censured in the unfortunate Alice, and which proved the cause of her death.—You understand me, Cyril ; in many articles you are of our opinion, and I can speak to you with less reserve than to any other of the fraternity.

Nobody knows my sentiments on these matters so well as Beatrice ; and yet she allows herself to be blinded by the bishops, and has joined them in persuading her sister to consent to an alliance which can never make her happy ;—but this is her temper. O Beatrice, how truly ex-

cellent would you be, were not your perfections sullied with so much inconstancy, credulity, and indiscretion?—A new proof of her precipitancy happened in a scene, which I shall now impart to you.

After two days useless endeavours to see the present Princess of Castile, I at last obtained access.—Eliza had just come from the altar.—My senses failed me, at the step she had just taken, without recollecting that the contents of the Empress's letter, which gave me a distinct knowledge of the whole affair, was yet unknown to her—I possessed at this affecting moment presence of mind sufficient to keep my tongue from utterance on the subject, and to withhold the unseasonable and melancholy intelligence with which my heart was so much oppressed. The Princess Beatrice, who had been informed of the death of her excellent, her incomparable mother, had taken an opportunity to acquaint her sister, in as soothing a manner as possible, of that afflicting event, which made them both orphans.—Irene's death happened very opportunely for the ambassadors to hasten the conclusion of the alliance with Castile.—Eliza had now no

one to whom she could apply for that consent, the supposed refusal of which had delayed her final answer.—She now found herself without protection; and the picture of her dependent state and helpless situation, presented itself so fully to her mind, that the refusal of a royal marriage appeared, in her circumstances, to be the extreme of folly. Thus impressed, Eliza consented!—though these self-delusive reasonings were not surely sufficient to determine such a noble soul as hers:—but no; I do this incomparable person injustice: it was not the prospect of temporal advantages which influenced her; but the remembrance of the last words of her Imperial and murdered father; which, after the death of her mother, she considered as the irresistible rule of her conduct. Bathed in tears, she threw herself in my arms. No congratulations, I beseech you, Alverda, on what has this day happened; and let my dear, ever honoured, and ever lamented mother, be the only subject of our present conversation. Oh where wert thou, Alverda, in this dreadful and important hour? how severely have I felt the loss of my comforter, my counsellor, and my

friend!—Were you by the death-bed of that enlightened saint, my departed mother?—did she not in her last moments think of us?—did she not pray for her poor Eliza?—has she left no remembrance to her unhappy daughters?

Judge, my reverend father, what I felt at this affecting exclamation!—I was on the point of giving her Irene's letter, but I suppressed the impulse.—It was my duty to console her afflicted soul, and not to aggravate its sorrows.—The Princess Beatrice, however, perceived the letter in my hand, and as she possesses a more firm and resolute character than her sister, it did not require that I should conduct myself towards her with equal circumspection; nor was it possible for me to suppose that she would be so indiscreet and unreflecting as to communicate the important and fatal contents at such a moment as that which was passing by us.—

But wherefore was I, in my turn, so indiscreet and unreflecting, as to expect discretion and reflection from Beatrice? And Eliza read that paper, which should for years have been withheld from her sight:—her situation, instantly

became more deplorable than you can well conceive; a raging fever soon followed, and, as I am told, she raves in her delirium of Philip's murder, and Wittelsbach's innocence.

I, who was become an object of suspicion and even hatred, on account of Alice, am now considered as the cause of this misfortune, and confined like a prisoner, with a prohibition to see Eliza. The effect of the various sufferings I have so long endured now begins to show itself—I feel symptoms of an approaching disorder, which threatens to conduct me in the same path in which Alice has so lately gone before, and where poor Eliza will soon follow me.

Cyril, farewell,—perhaps for ever.—Pray for the unfortunate Alverda, whose heart has just received its last blow by the afflicting news she has had from her own country.—Ah Evert Von Remen—are you really flown, after the loss of your Alverda,—gone—no one knows whither!—And thou, my friend—my second mother—my instructress, art thou no more?—art thou asleep in the silent tomb?—and am I thus bereft of parents, friends, and pro-

tectors?—While I remain in the world, am I to find it a dreary solitude?—Yes, hope is no more, and every prospect of happiness or comfort is vanished from me for ever!

Alverda to Father Cyril.

1208.

AFTER a long and lingering delirium I am again recovered;—what I foretold has happened to me :—since my last letter I have suffered a very tedious illness :—but I was almost insensible of it.—I only remember that, at times, I had a sensation of weakness like the approach of death, and an imaginary idea that I should awake in a better world. I did, at length, awake, but it was on this side the grave. I looked around, and all was solitude :—I inquired for the Princess Eliza—“ She was gone to her husband’s court.” I inquired for the Princess Beatrice.—“ They would call her, and rejoice her with the prospect of my recovery.” What? cried I, has not the Princess of Swabia accompanied her sister to Castile?—“ Does Alverda believe,” answered her gentle voice,

“ that I would abandon her in her sickness, and leave her alone and unprotected ?” Yes, Cyril, Beatrice was so generous, as to stay in Germany and attend on her sick friend, rather than share the royal reception with her sister.—O Cyril, think how I was touched by such friendship—to speak or thank her, I could not. But I sunk, with streaming eyes, into her arms.—

Beatrice, I hope, is not so giddy as you describe her to your friend. I have read the letter to him, which your sudden illness prevented you from sealing ; and I afterwards dispatched it. Cyril will not, I trust, censure me hastily : and what I perused ought to improve my future conduct.

Ah, Beatrice, I exclaimed, thy present kindness extinguishes all past transgressions—and renders me the only criminal ! No more of this now, Alverda, she replied, attend to the perfect re-establishment of your health ; and trust me, I can justify myself in many things which have incurred your disapprobation.

The time for this justification is at length arrived, but it will, I fear, prove imperfect.—I am now convinced that the Bishops of Castile and

Sutri were too powerful for the poor Beatrice. To say the truth, on more mature reflection, I cannot entirely blame her or them. The situation of a Queen of Castile is undoubtedly preferable to that of an unprotected princess, who must live by the favour of the succeeding Emperor. Wittelsbach's innocence, at the time that Beatrice joined in persuading her sister to pronounce the irrevocable yes, was not known; or, at least, it was not then so strongly proved as it now is. The absence of the Count Palatine at the time of the Emperor's murder, concurred with many other circumstances to establish it. But had we believed it then, as we do now, what would it have availed? Wittelsbach would have been exculpated but to a few; and in the opinion of the great multitude, he would always have been an assassin. Is not this idea sufficient to dissolve the union between him and Eliza?—or had Philip's daughter, under such circumstances, given him her hand, would she not have brought on herself the contempt and curse of the whole world, and been deemed an accomplice in her father's murder?—

In this manner I now judge;—in this manner

have Beatrice and the Bishop of Sutri taught me to judge.—This wise man is still here, and has much changed my opinion of him.—He is one of those people who continually improve, in proportion as you become more intimately acquainted with them. Indeed, at the time I was afraid of him, from his uncommon sense and penetrating eye, I never ceased to admire his heart, of whose goodness he daily gives a thousand proofs.

I once presumed to cavil with the doctrine of the Evangelists, and he corrected me with kindness. He continually preached to Beatrice and myself about revenge—he told her, it was the duty of the daughter of the murdered Emperor to provoke an avenger against the man who shed his blood, and reminded me that my own honour, the honour of my house, required that I should discover and apprehend the perpetrator. Since in many places it is presumed that the Count Palatine is not guilty, a report prevails, which I would not pain you by mentioning, continued he, did not the duty fall on you to bring it to light—your brother, noble Alverda, was away, was missing

at the very time the murder happened ;—many think it impossible that any other person could transform himself into the shape or likeness of Wittelsbach ; so that suspicion falls also on Alf Von Deulmen, by the great resemblance he has to him. You may believe, my good Cyril, that such representations as these made me tremble. I defended my brother's innocence ; I proved that at that terrible moment he was lying sick in Wittelsbach's palace ;—that his sudden disappearance gave room for other interpretations ; but above all, no probable reasons could be alleged why he should draw his sword against the Emperor, with whom he stood in no connection ;—and that he was not, like Wittelsbach, excited to any personal revenge.

Sutri then told me, with that tone of assurance, with which he knows how to accompany all he says, that it was wholly needless for me to defend my brother to him, as he had never entertained any opinion to his disadvantage :—nevertheless, he said, his absence made it more immediately necessary to bring forward a justification of him ; for which purpose a method should be pointed out to me another time.

Much of this kind of conversation I have had with the Bishop of Sutri, the true interpretation of which, and its consequences, you shall know hereafter. He also argued in the same manner with the Princess Beatrice ;—and she is almost determined on attempting to engage the present Emperor (the former Duke of Brunswick) to assist her, and to ask revenge at his hands for the blood that has been shed.

I tremble at the thought !—A woman supplicating revenge ! Alas,—what a terrible and afflicting sight !—On all sides, however, they urge the necessity of such a step ; and what filial duty requires of her,—sisterly affection, and the sense of a brother's honour, demand of me.—Ah, the beloved, the lost young man !—where can he be ? and whither is he fled ?—he is, perhaps, no more ; and calumny and slander are thus at work to disturb his ashes !—Ought I to suffer this ? Nay, is it not the duty I owe to nature,—to employ every means in my power to restore his honour ?—If I should refuse this act of justice to my brother,—whatever other title might become me, I should not deserve that of sister.

*Elizabeth Princess of Castile to her Friend
Alverda.*

1209.

REVENGE sleeps:—But ought I to awaken her? Otho Von Wittelsbach is innocent:—whose hands then are stained with the blood of my father?

Such are the thoughts which incessantly haunt me, with reiterated anguish, since the last fatal act of my life; but my repentance is equal to the fault I have committed.—Alverda, you and I are great sinners, and so was our poor friend Alice,—may God be merciful to her soul!

The pious and learned Bishop of Castile has, during our journey, often alarmed my heart by his exhortations, as if he had been acquainted with the errors which I brought with me from Toulouse. A sermon of Dominic Guzman,

who, it is said, will be promoted to an high degree of ecclesiastical honour, completed my conversion. I seized, therefore, the first moment of tranquillity after the rejoicing, &c. &c. to ask permission to pass eight days in devotion at the convent of St. Mary; and was so happy as to obtain it. Nor did I delay a moment to throw myself at the feet of all the saints. Ah, my Alverda, my heart, my poor devoted heart,—for Wittelsbach still lives there, while it alone belongs to the husband whom it has pleased Heaven to allot me! Nor do I murmur: but the remembrance of things that are past will not be effaced; and my regret for those which can never return is eternal. Tell me, Alverda, ought I not then to seek that supernatural aid, which can alone support me in my weakness. I did indeed seek it at the altars; I abjured before Heaven the errors which Alice had taught me to believe concerning the faith of the church. I hope to succeed in banishing from my heart my passion for Wittelsbach: I flatter myself, at least, that it will soon slumber, and God grant that it may never awake!

Indeed, another painful sensation against my

nature has usurped a power within me ;—an impulse to revenge. Yes, I wish,—but no—the very idea of naming what I wish to be executed, throws me into a state I tremble to describe:—but, after all, is it not right to revenge the innocent blood of my father ; and that, as his daughter, ought I not to demand it ? Each night that I passed in the convent his bloody spectre, wrapped in a silver cloud, appeared before my half-sleeping eyes, and pronounced words which can never be effaced from my memory.—I will not repeat them—the language of spirits ought not to be uttered by mortals ; I have told my confessor as much as I was obliged to do ; and you shall hear the plan which is formed, rather by the counsel of strangers, than from his own reflection, to procure me the means to regain my repose ; and for the execution of which you must lend me your aid.

The Emperor Philip's blood demands a return of blood ; alas, my commiserating heart would spare the punishment ! My sister Beatrice has, as I understand, supplicated at the Imperial throne for revenge. She was graciously received

by the new Emperor, but her supplication rejected, as God alone could know and judge of the offence. We must therefore address the representative of God, at that formidable tribunal which judges every thing in secret.

Throughout the German empire there reigns a clandestine power, secure in all its undertakings, that brings each crime from its dark retreat, and inflicts the appointed punishment. Prepare yourself, Alverda, to complain, in my name, at the steps of this formidable throne. The methods you must pursue I will tell you. I did not think that these things, which I first learned from one to whom it became me to unfold my sentiments, would ever become necessary to me.—Necessary, did I say!—can revenge bring me advantage or tranquillity? If I may trust to the assurances of others, it will:—but my heart tells me the contrary.—Though, as a daughter, I invoke vengeance on the murderer of my father;—yet, whether his name is known or unknown to me, if he falls by the sword of a private executioner, will not my own heart arise up as my accuser, and pronounce me to be a murderess? Can I be certain

that these unknown judges are infallible? and though a variety of examples are brought before me to strengthen such an opinion;—yet who knows what may be the design of the Eternal Judge, in permitting the veil to remain that as yet hides the assassin of the Emperor, whom now I seek to destroy? O Alverda, I know not what I am about to do. My mind, as you may perceive, is in a state of distracting perplexity. —Judge yourself, I beseech you, of the propriety of my request; and go, with as much privacy as the important business requires, to advise with some wise and experienced person concerning it. On such an occasion, can I do better than mention to you the Bishop of Sutri? I have an unbounded confidence in that enlightened prelate.

Alverda to the Princess of Castile.

1209.

THE step which you call upon me to take, I had been advised to pursue on my own account.—In your name, I will demand revenge for a murdered father; and, in my own, I will require satisfaction for a calumniated brother.—As you observe, it is a terrible task.—But they now charge Alf Von Deulmen with that crime of which they have already accused Von Wittelsbach, on account of the great resemblance in their stature. Oh that they could both be there to defend themselves!—But from that formidable tribunal, of which I know more than you can imagine, no one can be concealed:—their all powerful invocation can draw forth from the bosom of the earth the innocent and the guilty.

Beatrice to Alverda.

1209.

I AM just returned from my unsuccessful journey to Frankfort; and I propose going immediately to my castle at ***, where I request you will join me. I will then unfold my heart to you.

I understand that you were here, and that your departure was not only sudden, but veiled in mystery. At midnight, clad in deep mourning, and with the most affecting silence, you quitted the castle. Your woman, who came to me with red eyes and wet cheeks, informs me that, before you took this secret step, she had observed your extreme agitation; that you embraced Julia, who was always your favourite, and that your last words to her were,—pray for me, my good girl; for I know not whither I go, to life or death.

I have severely chid the messenger of this indistinct intelligence ; as she should not have suffered you to have gone alone. Who knows what your afflictions, which since the last melancholy accounts, and from your retired life, seem to be your constant companions, may drive you to? I understand that you have seen no one but the Bishop of Sutri ; and my opinion, that he ought to be instructed in every thing that concerns you, is not without solid reasons. I have already talked to him about you, but have not been able to discover any thing. My principal uneasiness on your account, respects the designs of Kalatin, who I know is still lying in ambush for you : he may have found a method to allure you to him, and you may be fallen into his hands. Sutri, however, assures me to the contrary, and has promised to deliver a letter from me into your own hand: He must consequently know where you are, and possess the means of seeing you. Who can comprehend any thing of these bishops? I have too often been ruled by them, and experience the consequences of my submission: sad consequences, which I shall repent to the last moment of my life!

God grant that you may not have reason to say the same.

I shall now proceed to communicate to you the principal part of my last adventure. Advised, nay impelled, by Sutri, I determined on the journey to Frankfort.—I expected that I should there meet my fate, as both the place and the cause alarmed me.—I was to supplicate revenge for the blood of him, whom no efforts of his children will bring back to them.—I was to make my supplication to one whom I hate, though I have never yet beheld him;—to Otho, the present Emperor, the adversary of my father while living, and now become the possessor of his throne;—to him, concerning a marriage with whom I have been tormented from my infancy; and at last, when I was proposed to him, he rejected me;—although he did not know me, he rejected me.—This I have been told a thousand times, and a thousand wishes have since escaped my lips, that I had known no more of him. Alas, I have no doubt but I was advised, or rather, compelled to take this journey, that Otho, the Emperor Otho, might see me; and the design has succeeded: the

Emperor has seen me.—In an unlucky moment he saw me, and he has renewed treaties which he himself had broken.

I do not mean to say, Alverda, that I dislike the Emperor: he is an handsome man; and if I am not deceived by the common rule of physiognomy, a worthy character. I could, perhaps, have loved him; at least he would have been by no means disagreeable to me, had there not been an Alf Von Deulmen in the world. O, my sister, for by that dear name I shall address you, forgive my repeated acknowledgements of a weakness which you never approved. I love your brother, I shall for ever love him:—and the grief that now overwhelms me, proceeds from the loss that I have sustained of all that made me cherish life; for since the death of my adored parents, I can have no attachment for any other.

O Alverda, what is become of this beloved Alf Von Deulmen?—where can he stay—why will he not return, and wipe away the foul aspersion with which they have stained his name? To hear Otho Von Wittelsbach, the esteemed friend, the favourite, of my mother, the intended husband of my sister, reviled as the murderer

of my father, was a cause of real grief to me. How great then must be my affliction, and how poignant my sorrow, when I understand that the man of my affections, the man whom I adore, the man alone of my choice, is accused of the same crime, and branded with the same infamous appellation.

Shall I confess to you, that my journey to Frankfort, in order to solicit justice from the Emperor, was, I believe, dictated rather by love than filial duty.—Revenge, as I before said, cannot give me back my father; but revenge, when exercised on him who is the proper object of it, will, at the same time, produce his justification who is thus vilely calumniated by others, and so fondly loved by me.

But what am I writing!—and whither does a delusive fancy lead me?—Alas, to such pleasing thoughts I must bid adieu for ever. The intentions of the Emperor respecting me are of the most serious nature; and I am told that he is in absolute despair at my sudden departure from Frankfort. He imagines that I so abruptly quitted the place from being displeased at his refusal of my solicitation, and the manner in which he

expressed it.—“ The Emperor Philip’s murder is enveloped in such a dark mystery, that God alone can be the judge of it.”—No, by Heaven, this was not the cause of my hasty departure from Frankfort. I scarce knew whether I wished that my petition should be granted; how then could the refusal disturb or offend me?—But I too plainly perceived the impression I had made on the Emperor;—and as I wished to prevent its progress, I took my flight. The Bishop of Spire, who was bearer of the Imperial jewels to Frankfort, and whom I met on my way, reproached me for my flight, pressed my return, and promised, when I declined his proposal, that, if I would be governed by him, he would ensure my future honour and happiness.

Happiness, Alverda,—what does this forward meddling man call happiness?—Is it that I shall be Empress?—Oh, how inadequate is such an event to the wishes of my heart!—how infinitely short of that I should enjoy, to be loved by my soul’s first object, and to pass my days by his side.

Declaration of the Emperor Otho the First.

As it is our duty to demand, from the Imperial throne, the blood of our predecessor, whom God rest in peace, from the hands of his murderer, and thereby wipe away the stain which may be attached to our honour, we make it known, in all parts of the German empire, that conformable to our order, the perpetrator be discovered and brought to punishment.

A daughter of the Emperor Philip has solicited for revenge at our throne; and though we at first refused her solicitation, because we then could not, according to the order of justice, afford her all the satisfaction she desired.—But now the Bishop of Spires and Anthony Haganau, who are evidences of the murder which they could not prevent, jointly name Count Palatine Otho Von Wittelsbach as the perpetrator of it. We therefore think it necessary to repeat once more the foregoing declaration, and to add there-

to, that the criminal and his brother shall forfeit all their temporal possessions, honours, and titles; and the beforementioned Count Otho Von Wittelsbach we declare proscribed; so that every one has now full liberty to take his life with impunity, wherever he may be found. Thus the imputation of the Emperor's blood will be removed from our throne, and from our country; and the vengeance of the Eternal Judge will be turned from us.

The Emperor Otbo to Beatrice.

1209.

PRINCESS,—your wishes are accomplished :
—for that revenge pursues the murderous Witel-
telsbach which you so anxiously solicited, and
the ignorance of the moment could have alone
caused me to refuse you. Now that the Bi-
shop of Spire has opened my eyes ; now that
two witnesses present themselves to prove the
crime of the Count Palatine, you shall per-
ceive that I am Emperor, and know how to
punish. Oh, might I hope that your indigna-
tion is not moved against me by my refusal of
your first solicitation ; that no personal hatred
exists against the former adversary of your fa-
ther, and that you do not scorn him whose
neglect of his own happiness, caused you to take
so sudden a flight from Frankfort. The Bi-
shop Conrad assures me that I have no reason

to apprehend your displeasure.—O that I could have the confirmation of his sentiments from your own mouth, or receive it from your pen.

My ambassadors have been furnished with instructions to consult with you, your guardians, and your relations, concerning matters on which the happiness of my life depends, by exalting you to the throne. How blessed shall I be in exchanging a crown for your affection!—How happy, if it should be my lot to do honour to the memory of Philip, to whom nothing but the chance of affairs ever made me an enemy, by placing his daughter on that throne where her incomparable mother sat, and which she adorned.

Duke Bernard to Peter Von Kalatin.

1209.

YOUR zeal for our private tribunal was laudable. Your intimation of what was begun at Pamiers in my absence, in the hope, perhaps, that death would be the consequence of my illness, merits the warmest acknowledgements. Know likewise, that we have written several menacing letters to those, who, from a false *Themis*, the imitator of ours, received the commission to pollute their hands in the blood of Philip; who, though he might have his failings, as we all have,—was entirely innocent, as he was altogether incapable, of the crime of which he has been accused.

Alf Von Deulmen and Otho Von Wittelsbach were summoned before our throne, to exculpate themselves of the crime with which their enemies have charged them; and, at the same

time, to justify themselves against other accusations; for both of them are accused of having acted in matters of consequence, without the knowledge of the secret tribunal. The Count Palatine is particularly charged with having unfolded its secrets. But as these several accusations, whether just or ill-founded, were sufficient to oblige us to summon them, it became them immediately to appear. But our summons has either not reached them, or they have paid no attention to it.

The black and most infernal crime, the Emperor's murder, calls upon us, in the strongest manner to pursue the blood-thirsty perpetrators of it with the sword of revenge. A thick mist, however, as yet appears to hover round those who are suspected of the crime; and to render doubtful their guilt or their innocence. Even our eyes, which can penetrate so far, are too weak to see distinctly into this horrid transaction.—Otho Von Wittelsbach is thought by the whole empire to be the assassin. The Bishop of Spire has appeared against him at Frankfort, and proclamations are issued both against him and his brothers.

The Emperor Philip's daughters have carried their complaints to our throne, but not against Wittelsbach, whose innocence they probably know. They invoke revenge from every corner of the world to discover the murderer of their father, and to do them justice : and behold—Alf Von Deulmen comes forward and acknowledges the crime. Arise, Kalatin, you well know the rights of vengeance.—Arise then, for on you the lot is fallen to be the avenger, and to execute the murderer wherever he may be found. Delay not,—or public justice may claim the sacrifice ; and snatch the victim from your hands.

Alverda to Beatrice.

1209.

I AM lying sick at Ratisbon: if Beatrice loves me, she will come and receive my last sigh.—They think me, it is true, verging towards a recovery, and the physician, whom they sent for against my will, declares his opinion that I am so far re-established as to be capable of making use of my pen. But this flattering appearance will soon subside; for I cannot live,—nor would I, though it were in my power to command immediate and continuing health.—The day deceives my attendants, because I do not seem to suffer. But the night is my tormentor!—in its dark hours a fury stalks around my bed, and repeats in my ears all that I have seen and heard, and tortures me with the horrid presages of the future. It reproaches me with fratricide, and hurries through an animated representation of

what I have, and what I ought not to have, done. Such things as these being repeated to me every night of my lingering life, will hasten its end: I may be in eternal silence ere you, my dear Beatrice, can fulfil my last request, or even before you can peruse the letter that contains it. Lest then it should be forbidden me to see you on this side the grave,—and impressed with the awful belief that I shall not possess an opportunity to give you, from my lips, the communications which I have in charge for the Princess of Castile, your sister; let me beseech you, to tell her distinctly, and in my words, what I now write. They will be full of enigma to you; but if you wish not to wound your own heart, I most earnestly entreat you not to aim at penetrating into them. Forget Alf Von Deulmen;—forget Alverda his unfortunate sister, and prepare to be the wife of the worthy man whom Heaven allots you. The title of Emperor is Otho's least merit;—this opinion I have often repeated to you, when I have so anxiously endeavoured to make you conquer a blind passion, by representing to you the value of that illustrious and excellent man who is destined for you.

O my Beatrice, do we always know the state of our own mind, or what is the real object of our wishes? What ignorance do the wisest of us continually betray of what is best for us!—When fate opposes our choice, we raise a mighty clamour, and seldom, too seldom reflect that the object of our presumptuous murmurings, so far from being, as we idly apprehend, our greatest misfortune, may finally become our greatest blessing. Once more I implore you, my dearest Princess, to accept Otho's proffered hand. Forget Alf Von Deulmen, and consent to be Empress.

The fortune* which has made you richer than your sister, will not quicken your enjoyment of life, if you are so capricious and unwise as to refuse the son of Henry of Louvain, the noble Otho; and, by such an infatuation, draw down upon you the censure of the whole world. The rank which Heaven sets before you, gives you at least the consolation of fulfilling the wishes of your parents, and taking the charge of your

* It is said that Beatrice brought to Otho, at her marriage, besides very valuable treasures, one hundred and fifty castles; which had come to her by succession.

youngest sister.* Receive this as the last counsel of a departing friend ; and it is my last request, that you should attend to the important communications I give you for Eliza.

After my mind had suffered many a torturing struggle, I had at length almost brought myself to perform what she had demanded of me. Still, however, I had my moments of doubt and hesitation ; I felt myself also deeply interested in the awful business :—the voice of friendship urged me on ;—the feelings of my agitated heart turned me towards the same object,—and when I consulted the Bishop of Spire, he approved the design, and inspired me with that resolution which was necessary for so awful an undertaking. Thus prepared, I disguised myself in a garment of the deepest mourning, which I then considered as a suitable formality :—but was it not a presage, that I should ever after wear it ?

It is possible, my friend, that, from the inexplicable state of my sensations while I am writing to you, some expressions may escape me, which I may not understand myself,—and

* She was afterwards married to the Duke of Brabant.

will of course be unintelligible to you—if so, pass them over, and forgive and pity me.

I was seized with a secret and severe terror at the way I had to go : but I set out alone, according to the instructions which were given me. I soon met the person who was to be my conductor;—and whether the way was long or short;—whether we were an hour, or a week in our passage—is of little consequence—it is sufficient to say, that he led me on to an inclosed place, where the judges were sitting in awful assembly. If in the character of an accuser, I entered with fear and trembling—what then must be the condition of the accused?—

It was immediately signified to me, that I was not to utter a single word, till I received especial commandment; and that things would be said in my hearing, which no motive on earth should induce me to divulge. Nor was this all; an oath was administered to me, which was formed to seal my lips for ever, respecting what might pass before this awful tribunal. From every circle of the German empire witnesses appeared, and discovered unheard of crimes. The appointed ministers of revenge

were called in, and executed the fatal commissions which had been assigned them. Others advanced to render an account of the bloody deeds, which the ensanguined steel they grasped in their trembling hands had completed!—Alas, the blood of brothers and friends had not been spared by many of them; and tears flowed adown their cheeks as they gave in the afflicting recital. My blood grew cold at the scene, and could scarce pace along my veins!—O, my dear Eliza, could you have known all the horror of that commission which you gave the poor Alverda, you would, I am sure, have spared her the terrifying execution of it.

One of the men amongst whom I stood, for not a woman was to be seen but myself, had compassion on my agitated condition, and kindly supported me, when I was no longer able to support myself. Another broke the awful silence, to express his astonishment at beholding a woman there:—while a third expressed an equal surprise at the courageous spirit which brought me thither. I made no answer;—but that courageous spirit, whatever it might be, grew weaker every moment; and when I was

ordered to speak, entirely abandoned me. I was conducted to the foot of the throne, but I immediately fell to the ground, and had strength only to pronounce the first word of my petition. It was then demanded of me, whether I was a daughter of the Emperor Philip? I answered in the negative, and named the Princess at whose command I presented myself to that mysterious assembly. A long examination then followed; and it appeared that there were many persons present, who were well acquainted with the awful business which led me thither, and could have answered concerning it far better than myself.—Nay, it appears that no event can happen within the limits of their power, but some of the assembly can give information and instructions concerning it.

When the inquisition was finished, which it had been the object of my mission to demand, Otho Von Wittelsbach was unanimously named. —At this moment I recovered sufficient strength, and recollected sufficient courage, to undertake his defence:—In short, I produced the Empress Irene's letter as the strongest proof I could give of his innocence. One of the mem-

bers arose, who had before fixed my attention, to prove that Wittelsbach was not guilty.—They instantly demanded the proofs in his possession.—The place, answered he, with which I am invested in this tribunal entitles me to give no other proof than my oath.—Wittelsbach was therefore immediately acquitted. But no sooner was his acquittal declared, than a voice loudly invoked punishment on Philip's murderer in every part of the world.—My heart fluttered as if I had been the criminal.—They were even disposing every thing to make him appear at the next meeting of the tribunal, when one of the chiefs stood forth, and loudly exclaimed—I am the murderer!—and may my frenzy plead for me!—A dreadful murmur was now heard throughout the awful space which the assembly occupied. It was an event without example, that a judge of the formidable tribunal should present himself as a criminal.—The whole assembly rose at the same moment; all the seats were thrown back with the noise of thunder,—every light was extinguished—and the moon was left to throw its pale beam on this scene of horror!—

Overpowered with terror, I had sunk to the earth.—He who had confessed himself to be the murderer,—he against whom I had invoked the vengeful sword,—he who had risen to defend the Count Palatine, was,——O Eliza, spare me, I beseech you,—for I cannot name him—and my pen trembles in my hand——

A total insensibility would, at this sad moment, have been a blessing to me,—but Heaven refused the boon I implored.——Agitated as I was, I still was capable of hearing the bitterest curses poured forth on one I most dearly loved, as he was dismissed, and sent from the assembly,—that his blood might be shed, and his offence punished, by any member of the tribunal who might chance to find him.

I rose in haste to follow him;—but I was compelled to return; when lots were drawn, to determine who should be the executioner of the unfortunate man, for I cannot inscribe his name, against whom I had awakened the revenge that threatened him.—Nature was, however, at length conquered by despair, and I sunk into a state of mental deprivation; from which I am but just recovered, at the house of a relation

in Ratisbon; whither I was carried from the dreadful place, and the sad scene which I have described to you. I lament,—yes, with tears I lament, that I am recalled to life from the verge of eternity;—but the hope of dying, of sinking soon into the peaceful grave is not yet extinguished.—How is it possible that my poor frame can long continue to bear its sufferings!

Hasten, oh hasten, my beloved Beatrice, if you would afford me the happiness of embracing you yet again on this side the tomb.—Come then immediately to Ratisbon—when you are here, you will be far advanced on your journey to Frankfort; and, from the funeral of your friend, you may hasten to the benedictions of the altar.

O Eliza, why cannot I once more embrace you? but wherefore should I wish that your happiness should be interrupted by seeing my affliction, the cause of which, however, you would better comprehend than any other.—Farewell—In those blessed mansions of eternal peace, where I shall shortly see my beloved Alice, we shall, I trust, meet again.

Your last letter suggested many reflections

concerning the Countess of Toulouse, which I should be glad to communicate to you, and to hear your sentiments concerning them. But I enjoy the consolation of believing, that the errors of the heart, and not those of the understanding, will be remembered above.—Woe be to those who have wrought a change in the opinions which you formerly maintained with so much zeal: be assured, that you have no cause to repent of one of those moments which you passed with Alice. Nor do I call myself a sinner;—alas, the sin rests on him who has thus quickened my sad passage to the dust.—Yet more,—I should now be destitute of all consolation, did I not feel the power of that knowledge which I received when I was at Toulouse.

My beloved Eliza—and you, my dearest Beatrice, hasten to me, I beseech you,—let me see you once more ere I die:—there is but a short space between your Alverda and the sepulchre that awaits her.—Hasten then, my friends, or its gates will be for ever closed upon me.

Beatrice to Eliza.

1209.

I COMPREHEND Alverda's letter, which you must already have received, much better than either of you imagine.—It scarce leaves me the power to undertake the hasty journey which our friend earnestly demands of us. I have, however, without any great struggle, determined no longer to reject the Emperor's proposition, to share the Imperial throne with me.

In a short time, I shall be Empress;—I have also a duty to fulfil that will require my utmost exertions, and which I cannot so completely accomplish as when I shall have attained the exalted situation that awaits me.

Would to Heaven that I was at this moment the wife of Otho! would to God I could now declare from the throne,—that I, the daughter of Philip, promise my pardon to his murderer.

—I will not hearken to revenge in my first appeal to justice.—The Emperor himself will also spare him, and grant his indulgence to the guilty as well as to the innocent. Do you not think, Eliza, that the Emperor's power can equally forbid revenge, and suspend justice,—be the object of them who it may?—You cannot misunderstand me.

Ah! my poor unfortunate sister—often do I think what tears you must have shed since the last letter you received from Germany.—I cannot but lament that you should have been so incautiously informed of the proscription against Wittelsbach, who is guilty of no crime.—Alas, we have both of us cause for weeping;—calumniated virtue is the object of your tears;—but mine flow for the perpetrator of a deed that makes me tremble:—who then is the most deserving of pity?—Gracious Heaven!—wherefore have we been thus deceived,—wherefore have we been made the accusers of those for whom we would willingly have shed our own blood? Otho the Emperor thinks he cannot offer a greater proof of love to me, than the assurance that Wittelsbach should die—The inno-

cent Wittelsbach ;—he who was once my friend—
 —he whom I hoped to have called my brother.
 —There is another also whom I lament almost
 as much, but whom I dare not name. I have
 written to the Emperor to request his pardon.—
 Oh how I long for the day that shall make me his
 wife, and give me an ascendancy over his heart
 and actions.—O that it may not be too late !—
 But revenge has wings,—they are already
 spread,—and who can stop its flight !—

I look with detestation on every one who has
 helped to conduct me thus unwarily into the abyss
 of misery in which I am now plunged.—When
 I reflect on all our misfortunes—it seems as if
 some malignant spirit had secretly exerted his
 power against us, and made us the instruments
 of our own destruction.—Hands unseen have
 surely been employed in counteracting our hap-
 piness,—and involving us in those perplexities
 and misfortunes, which we had no reason to
 expect !—and which, thank Heaven, we have
 not deserved. But it can be no secret to you,
 that they who led us like children in leading-
 strings, were the Bishop of Sutri and Spire.
 The latter, indeed, I can forgive ; I have been

long enough acquainted with the old man to have a confidence in him. The fidelity he manifested to his unfortunate Emperor, and the wishes he always expressed to render his daughter happy, were the motives of his actions: but are we justified, my sister, in entertaining the same opinion of the other?

In direct opposition to my will, Sutri followed me to Ratisbon. He is continually tormenting the poor sick Alverda, to impart to him certain mysterious matters which are locked up in her bosom.—He, whose arts have discovered so many secrets, imagined he should be informed of every thing by a weak young woman; but he finds himself mistaken. Alverda, as she said in her letter, had been obliged to swear not to divulge the secrets with which she had been entrusted, and she did not want firmness to maintain her oath. She now considers this man in a point of view very different from her opinions of him, when he employed so much artifice to deceive us all.—She hates and shuns him now;—and he perhaps will soon throw off the mask of friendship, with which he has endeavoured to win her confidence.——

Do you not think, Beatrice, said poor Al-verda, that I shall be soon laid in eternal sleep; and that though death lingers a little, he will soon put a period to my sufferings?—No, said I, taking her in my arms, when Beatrice is Empress, no one will dare to disturb her bosom friend.—Alas, answered she, you deceive yourself;—for I have not an hope in my heart that the good you meditate will ever be accomplished.

We spoke little of those things which lay nearest our hearts, and did not mention a word about the contents of her last afflicting letter.—I see the absolute necessity there is to spare her in every respect—she must know, however, that I comprehend every word of it: and it was, perhaps, her intention, in not immediately addressing her letter to you, that I should read it, and be urged by its contents to do my duty. She did right; she acted like herself:—nor shall her zealous friendship be employed in vain. The band which has so strongly attached me to Alf Von Deulmen shall be broken, and the Emperor shall not be rejected.—O Alf Von Deulmen! Alf Von Deulmen!—who would have thought

that thy hand could have borne the dagger of an assassin, and have reddened it with the blood of an Emperor, and the best of men?—yet to me you are still incomprehensible :—seduction and revenge made you a murderer, sayst thou? —Alas, seduction, indeed, it might be!—We all are fallen into the same snare, for if you and the Count Palatine are not saved from the fate that threatens you,—the blood of you both will be on us: and our names will be inscribed with the horrid deed on the records of eternal justice.

*Peter Von Kalatin to the Duke Von ***.*

1209.

Is this then the completion of all my hopes!
—Yes, I hate that Otho Von Wittelsbach, for he treated me with contempt and scorn; I hate that Alf Von Deulmen, as he calls himself, because he attained a more exalted situation than I shall ever reach,—and, at the same time, with an air of imperious indignity, refused me his sister's hand. Were the lovely Alverda mine, were both my enemies humbled in the dust; in short, had I the least reason for contentment, I should not wish to become their murderer. Fate, however, destines me to act this dreadful part; as a member of the grand alliance, it is my lot to be the executioner of that secret revenge, which excited the sister to become the accuser of the brother.

As sub-marshal of the empire, it is my duty

to make preparations for the persecution of the Count Palatine, which I must personally perform. Thus is my life interwoven with his.—I must die,—or with this hand dismiss him to the shades of death!—An office full of horror, but which the tremendous divinity, whom we call Justice, requires me to fulfil. Are they both, or only one of them pronounced to be guilty?—and is it just that both should suffer for the crime of one?—Why, alas, am I doomed to be their executioner?—I did not foresee to what excess my enmity might incite me.—I could not then have imagined, for a moment, that I should ever have been influenced by Roman gold to become the writer of fictitious letters.—That I wished to humble them is most true,—but, in my most intemperate moments, I never wished to shed their blood. You say, however, that I was the first to awaken the suspicion that these men were the perpetrators of the Emperor's murder. No, my Lord! it was you who gave the watchword in all this cruel business. You allowed yourself, with reprehensible confidence, to be guided by Romish spies.—With an unpardonable indis-

cretion, you mentioned things which should have remained in eternal silence. You exposed the secrets of our judicature, as through a painted glass, instead of keeping the sacred phial closed which concealed them; and thereby afforded our enemies the means of deceiving us.

Before your tribunal was brought the unexampled impeachment of the murdered Emperor.—You armed revenge to punish him for a crime he had not committed;—the deed was done, and now the perpetrator must die, for a crime of which you are alone the cause.—Do not you, my Lord, also fear the revenge that hovers over you?—I do not doubt that you were deceived; and that you were irresistibly attracted by a vortex of false proceedings, without perceiving your situation.—But—should the eyes of a judge be so easily dazzled? should his feet so unwarily stray from the right path?—You cannot deny that you have proved yourself unworthy to continue the representative of the wise Bernard of Saxony.—Remove yourself instantly from the tribunal: for how can you occupy such a dignified situation,

when the blood of the innocent Philip, of Wittelsbach, of Count Adolf, and my blood also, may pollute your hands?—Stay away, my Lord, from the sacred throne—lest you should be driven from it with disgrace and dismay.

To state to you, in the strongest terms, that you are the cause of those calamities which oppress us, and to warn you, ere it be too late, of your own danger, is the object of this letter.—Abandon, therefore, the Roman alliance, in which as I am informed you every day become more deeply engaged.—Hence it is that the private regulations of our tribunal are pried into, with the design of undermining its power, and transferring it to another place; and if this project should succeed, it will assume a new form, be clothed with new authority, and involve our alliance in one common destruction.

Once more, my Lord, let me urge you to resign your dignity, before an irresistible authority obliges you to it. Our chief is already informed of the greatest part of your inconsiderate conduct;—and informed by me.—Reflect then on the consequences of it, and tremble.

Otho Von Wittelsbach to Eliza and Beatrice.

1210.

WHAT horrid offence have I committed against you, daughters of Philip, that I am thus become the object of your vindictive persecutions? Ye demand the blood of your father at my hands, one drop of which was never shed by me, or any of my house.—I am conscious of no guilt, but the vain attempt to force into my arms, that faithless Eliza, who now revels in the embraces of another.—If this design were criminal, it should, at least, be pardoned by her whose beauty, whose thousand charms incited me to it. Nay, in the height of my raging passion, I forwarned you of my design, and implored you not to force me into any dreadful extremity, by your obdurate disdain of me. Hence am I become the object of those menaces which threaten me with destruction.—Hence it is that I am

accused of the murder of your father. Of that I am innocent as the lamb that is yet too young to crop the grass; and my innocence the Almighty will judge, and hereafter make manifest in the presence of men and angels.

But enemies are blinded by their resentments, and will not see that innocence which so many circumstances testify for me. Hence it is that I am doomed to live in exile in my native country;—that my castle is rased to the ground;—that my possessions are become the booty of robbers; and my vassals released from their obedience to me. My brothers and relations, as innocent as myself (more so they cannot be) must also share my unhappy fate—My bosom friends fly from me:—the Emperor's proscription is blazed abroad against me; a formidable enemy follows my footsteps; glides into the miserable habitation that I am obliged to seek in woods, and amongst the rocks; and threatens me, even when I snatch moments of feverish repose, to plant the dagger in my heart. But death, which I have a thousand times challenged in the field of fame, and whose most grisly form had never yet inspired me with

terror, now fills me with alarm in the secret cave, where my fears have impelled me to seek a dreary refuge. For the avenger may find me there, and destroy me on the road to the infallible power, where I go to prove my innocence.

I will quit, yes, I will for ever abandon my country.—But, alas, must Wittelsbach, who never even oppressed an enemy, fly like a malefactor?—Does Philip's haughty daughter expect,—can she wish, that I should implore mercy at the foot of that throne to which blind fortune and infidelity have raised her? No,—I would sooner meet that death, which I should already have found, had not a friend, or guardian angel come to my protection, whose worth I have always so highly prized,—and whose exalted character was the object of my regard and warmest affection,—when prosperity glittered around me.

O Alf Von Deulmen, what a friend have I found in thee!—thou alone stayest by me; when abandoned by all the world, you alone remain to support and console me.—You seek me in my dark and dreary solitude, and share

with me my wretched habitation:—you gather for me the wild fruits of the forest, that I may not venture from the security that my cave affords me:—you watch by me, that I may sleep, if it were possible, without alarm; and have sworn to defend me against the enemy that seeks my life,—or revenge my blood on him who spills it.—O Jonathan, my brother, my love for thee is more tender than the love of women! The perfidious bride, now on the throne of Castile, and the haughty Empress Beatrice, must with blushes yield you the pre-eminence. Yet you, my best, my only friend, continually tell me that you are yourself an out-law, and a criminal;—that you are the author of all my misfortunes; that your life is but a poor and trivial sacrifice; and thus you evade my imperfect thanks for your fidelity to me.

Farewell, obdurate women; you were once my friends, but are now become my inveterate persecutors, and thirst after my blood.

By the assistance of my faithful companion, this paper will be conveyed to your hands; it will inform you that your unjust revenge has

not yet attained its object;—that I have a friend, who saves me from despair, and whose hand will defend that life which your cruelty has devoted to the murderer's sword, or the poignard of an assassin.

Beatrice to the Princess Elizabeth of Castile.

1210.

My lot is cast.—To-morrow I depart for Frankfort, to join him who is to be my future husband. Ah! my sister, wherefore is my heart so oppressed? Otho is a virtuous and an honourable man,—he loves me with a tender affection, and will not refuse me any boon I shall require of him. I wish only to share the Imperial throne, that I may be able to justify the Count Palatine, and to obtain a pardon for Alf Von Deulmen, whose name will cause me eternal grief, and ever-flowing tears! I cannot, indeed I cannot forget my feelings for him; but my heart incessantly demands the cause of this strange predilection for a man whom I must consider as the fatal cause of those sorrows that afflict me.—Is it possible that he can be a criminal, whose features bear the stamp of

the most exalted virtue?—Such are the reflections that continually and inexpressibly torment me,—while duty and decorum demand from me the most perfect serenity.—What will be thought of the tears of an Imperial bride ; and to dry them up, I must cast these reflections from me for ever.

Alverda, having recovered from a severe and dangerous illness, will be my companion and my counsellor.—She is already displeased that, by writing to you, I interrupt that feigned composure which is so necessary to me. It is some time since she forced from me my permission to receive all my letters ; and now she usurps also an authority over my pen—It is her opinion that to write on past events to others is as prejudicial to me, as if I were reminded of them by letters from my friends.—From whom, alas, could I receive any letters but you or Kunigund ?—yet Alverda received one yesterday, which was also addressed to you, as well as myself, and it gave her some suspicions, as its seal bore the arms of Wittelsbach, and was delivered to her by a person unknown to any of us. She received one also from the unfortunate Count

Palatine, and will inform us of all that is proper for us to know.—I doubt whether, in your present situation, it will be permitted you to receive a letter from your former lover.—May this, however, which Alverda has in her possession, contain intelligence of his safety, and tell the authoress of all his sufferings that Beatrice may be able to protect and restore him.

Console yourself, Wittelsbach, your castles shall all be rebuilt ; you and your relations shall be acquitted of every charge, as soon as my voice can reach the ear of the Emperor ;—my first prostration before his feet shall be to obtain your pardon. In a letter I lately received from him, he says, imploring beauty cannot meet a refusal ; and that Beatrice, as she knelt before him, first touched his heart !—And for what did I then kneel, what did I then solicit—but revenge ?—And ought I not to have more power, and possess a far more winning influence, when I supplicate a good and gracious monarch for indulgence and for mercy ? I questioned Alverda about the contents of those letters ; she was silent : but I perceived when she came from her closet, in which she had locked herself

to read them, that her eyes were red with weeping.

On my asking her, with repeated earnestness, whether she had been reading any thing that was still to augment our sufferings?—no, she replied, far otherwise, for Wittelsbach has found a friend and a comforter; and an impenetrable retreat secures him from danger. This, said she, is sufficient to mitigate your uneasiness.—It is indeed, Alverda!—but I wished also to add, where is your brother? and what is the fortune of one who is yet so dear to me?—I dared not, however, to speak to her of Alf Von Deulmen. Though she is yet very weak, her unparalleled affection and friendship induces her to accompany me to Frankfort, and to quit her present state of retirement and seclusion. She flatters herself, but more for my sake than her own, that the noise and bustle of a court, will quench the poignancy of that silent grief which preys upon her, and forward the re-establishment of her health; in which I, above all others, must take so tender a concern.

Adieu, my dear Eliza; think no more, I beseech you, of our friends at Toulouse;—they

are sadly persecuted on account of that doctrine which they have adopted, and is considered as heresy. Prudence forbids me to enlighten myself on these dubious matters.—One question, however, I shall venture to ask you,—whether fire and sword are the means which Heaven approves to convert the heretic?

O Eliza,—“supplicating beauty is irresistible.”—Do you also kneel to your husband, as I propose to prostrate myself before mine:—his influence can govern the fate of the unfortunate adherents of these persecuted opinions.—The Bishop of Castile is among their principal persecutors;—and is to be one of the chief judges of the tribunal, which the Pope has lately instituted for the extirpation of heresy: solicit him, I entreat you,—nay, kneel to him, if kneeling will avail;—no humiliation will degrade your rank, when its object is to deliver the innocent from oppression.—

Alverda shakes her head at what I have written; as she fears it may add to our troubles. I have therefore yielded to her repeated requests, and resigned the letter to her disposal.—If her discretion approves of it, she will for-

ward it to you.—She thinks that all I have said, would be more effectually communicated, and with much less danger, when we meet hereafter. But, my sister, shall we ever meet,—shall I be so happy as to see you again on this side the tomb?—Is such a blessing in store for us?—

Indeed I feel that the moment in which I am conducted to the altar, will be clouded with the thoughts of death; and gloomy presages already haunt my soul! Adieu, my dearest Eliza! Heaven grant that this may not be an adieu for ever!

Alf Von Deulmen to Otho Von Wittelsbach.

1210.

YOUR letter to the Princesses is delivered, and I was the bearer of it.—I am so regardless of my life, that I boldly approached the place, where the moment of my discovery would have brought with it my eternal doom. Such an embassy as mine did not seem to demand a bloody sacrifice.—To bear to your enemies the tidings of your misery, was, as you yourself confessed, a welcome office.—Oh fate,—why hast thou made those our enemies by whom we were once beloved.—I delivered your letter myself into Alverda's hands;—I saw her who was once my sister, and is now become my cruel persecutress and accuser,—nor did she know the man who was once her brother! The great preparations for escorting the royal bride prevented observation, and rendered misery unperceived.

Otho, you do not comprehend many things which I have now written. A very small part

of my history is known to you. Alas, you are not sensible what an heinous offender you have suffered to approach you.—Can there be a greater criminal than the man who has murdered the Emperor? though he may find an excuse for the deed.—Philip had shed so much blood, that it was but just he should repay it. O Alice, Alice—beloved Alice!—since I have again seen those, who in happier times were dear to me, since I have quitted my solitude once more to associate with mankind, my head can scarce sustain the change,—and my former disease threatens me with reiterated violence. You shall, at some future period, have this enigma unfolded to you, when I have purified myself by devotion from the heavy sin that oppresses me—and for which I suffer a severe and unceasing remorse. I was once almost seduced by my passion for the lovely Alice to join the religion of the heretics,—who have no belief in that purification, which is now my only hope and comfort. No, my Otho, we will not despair :—at the holy tomb—we shall find repose for our souls, and occupation for our swords.

My journey to Ratisbon has not been fruitless.—I hope that, after to-morrow, I shall be able to bring you sufficient for our expences on the important journey that we meditate. I have found the old wall, where you secreted your treasures, on your first flight after the Emperor's proscription.

I write this chiefly to acquaint you with the history of my expedition. You will find it in the hollow tree, that was pointed out to me by yourself, at a small distance from the banks of the Danube.—Let not an impatient desire to hear from me, induce you to stir from your retreat. Recollect, that the hand of revenge is at your back; and that he who has sworn to die for you is now afar off.—At night only venture to seek the willow which will secrete this paper.

You will, I doubt not, perceive that the conclusion of my letter will be far more reasonable than its beginning,—though my senses very frequently wander when I dwell long on the recollection of past events:—but have patience with me;—and time, that draws aside the veil from all mystery, will one day explain every

thing to you. Wait for me at the place where you will find this letter,—but venture not from your hiding-place till the dark hour of midnight;—we will then settle the order of our flight, and every minute circumstance connected with it. In the day we will seek some secret covert for our repose; and at night pursue our journey till we reach the sea, which will transport us to a more peaceful region.

The guilt of blood, it is said, does not follow the murderer across the seas;—but remains on the spot of earth which drank the crimson stream;—but should it follow us—repentance at the holy tomb effaces all.

*Jutta, an Attendant of Alverda, to the Bishop
of Sutri.*

1210.

I SHOULD not have hesitated a moment to execute your commission, by telling you all that has passed on our journey to Frankfort, even if the adventures of it had been far different from those which, alas ! we have experienced. Attend, I beseech you, to all our misfortunes :—the royal bride is sick ; the Count Kalatin, whom the Emperor sent to conduct the Princess, is murdered ; and my poor young lady is at the point of death.

I sometimes doubt whether I ought to request your last holy admonition to her—and she is too bad to know what would be proper for herself ; but as her faithful servant, it surely becomes me, as far as my power extends, to take care of her eternal salvation. I must

therefore solicit you, reverend Sir, to afford your holy assistance; and more particularly, as she often told me that she wavered in her faith, and was strongly disposed to heretical opinions. Such a circumstance considerably abated my attachment to her, but it increases my wishes to witness her present conversion.

I am persuaded, reverend Sir, that you will condescend to receive even such superficial intelligence, as will be conveyed by me: and I avail myself of the night, before the departure of the messenger, to relate to you all that has befallen us. Dreadful things have happened; though I am not in a situation to comprehend them all. I had, however, received your particular commands, to relate every thing which might happen to you, though it should appear altogether unintelligible to me; and it is your wisdom alone that can develop this painful exercise of an understanding so weak and confused as mine.

You are not ignorant of the melancholy with which my young lady has been for some time afflicted; and I still maintain the opinion which I communicated to you, when you

deigned to converse with me on certain subjects, that this affliction must be caused by something more than the reproaches of conscience.

The Princess, who displayed such peculiar serenity when she set out to receive her destined elevation, has been seized with the same silent grief that tortures her friend, and has involved them both in one common and extreme affliction. That I might be able to explain to you the reasons of this extraordinary circumstance, I endeavoured to get possession of two letters: one of them was written by the Princess, and which, after some struggles, she resigned to Alverda.—The other was brought the day before by an unknown person, whom I did not see; nor do I know any thing more concerning these epistles than that one of them was addressed to the Princesses Eliza and Beatrice; and that when my mistress opened it, the perusal cost her a flood of tears. You might, indeed, have made important discoveries from these letters; but they vanished from my sight; and I have reason to think that they were inclosed in a packet, with other

papers, and sent to a convent, the name of which I have not been able to learn; as the messenger was dispatched with the utmost expedition. Whether these circumstances can have any connection with those I am now going to communicate, your superior knowledge and sagacity will, I doubt not, enable you to decide. The splendid train, and dazzling honours which attended the Princess and my mistress, did not appear to produce the least mitigation of their grief. Our conductor, the Count Kalatin, who is one of the most charming knights of the Imperial court, seemed also to be infected with the same contagion. He did not once approach Alverda. The change which has taken place in her person may, perhaps, have abated his former love; for it is evident to every one who formerly knew her, that grief has made very cruel inroads on her beauty.

The Count Kalatin restrained us not by his presence; though I well know that he received orders from you to observe a different conduct.—He passed the greatest part of his time alone, absorbed in thought and meditation; and left us to pursue our own inclinations. The

retinue appointed for our guard were frequently at a loss to know in what manner, or by what route, they should pursue their journey; and, on searching after our noble conductor, they frequently found him in the evening, or at the morning's dawn, in the fields and woods, wandering about like one in despair. Our ladies also, who were in a temper to demand the same vigilance, would sometimes vanish, as it were, from their attendants, and seek a retired shade where they might, unobserved, indulge their sorrows. In short, so melancholy a company on such an occasion—and a royal bride, so overwhelmed with affliction, were never seen, I believe, since the world began.

I seldom accompanied my mistress in her solitary wanderings;—to say the truth, the favour with which she formerly honoured me is evidently diminished, since you, gracious Sir, were pleased to manifest a confidence in me.—However, it was my fate to be with her at the important moment which forms the principal subject of this letter.

It was one of the finest moonlight nights that

we have had this summer ; our retinue reposed themselves under the tents, which had been pitched in an open ground near the Danube ; but that we did not long remain there, is needless to tell you. The Princess and her friend, impelled by the restless and disturbed state of their minds, stole away, as usual, from the spot where they were stationed ; and I, to breathe the fresh air, or perhaps from curiosity, and my wishes to fulfil your commands, took the same path, though at too great a distance to be observed by them. The ladies pursued their way towards the river, whose waters, silvered by the faint beams of the moon, formed an object of uncommon beauty. The place to which they strayed was silent and solitary ; and on a low bank, shaded with ancient willows, near a small inlet of the river, they sat them down. There they talked, and sighed, and wept.—I would have given the world to have been able to comprehend the subject of their conversation, and the cause of their sorrows :—but the distance between us, which I was obliged to keep, was not favourable to my curiosity ; and but once the names of Wittelsbach, and Alf Von

Deulmen, reached my ears: indeed it made me tremble, to hear the Emperor Philip's daughter, and the Emperor Otho's bride repeat these names:—but you have yet more to hear.

While I was thus endeavouring, though in vain, to catch something that I might communicate to you, a gentle languor stole on my senses, and I sunk unconscious into sleep. How long I slept, I know not, but I was awakened by the noise of arms. No sooner had I recovered from the violent agitation of my spirits, than I looked eagerly around for the Princess and Alverda; for my only apprehensions were for them;—but I saw them no more at the place where they had been sitting. While, however, I stood in wild amazement, the plaintive voice of the Princess directed me where I should find her. A small but deep valley, shaded by thick trees, concealed for a few moments the sad spectacle from my sight. I had already heard the clashing of arms, and the voice,—the Princess continually repeating the names of Otho Von Wittelsbach, and Alf Von Deulmen; and when I entered the valley, I saw two armed knights engaged in combat.—

I saw the royal Beatrice throw herself between the combatants, and then leave them to kneel down by a wounded man, whom as yet I did not know. My lady I saw not;—for she was in a deep swoon, and they had laid her beneath the willows. The hearts of women are formed for compassion:—I flew, therefore, to the wounded person, and assisted the Princess in her endeavours to stop the blood that streamed from him; but to separate the combatants, one of whom I knew, by the light of the moon, to be the Count Kalatin, was not in our power.

O Jutta! exclaimed she, in a trembling voice and with an agonizing look, help me, I beseech you, to save the Count Palatine! he is not guilty; and the Emperor will pardon him?—No, by Heaven I am not, articulated the dying Count. —But the Emperor's pardon is now of little avail,—I only crave that of the supreme Judge, before whom I shall shortly appear.

Beatrice bedewed the pale face of Wittelsbach with her tears.—Go, Princess, said he, gently pushing her from him—go and preserve Alf Von Deulmen, ere it be too late! O Alf Von Deulmen! Alf Von Deulmen!—exclaimed

the Princess, and, springing up in an instant, threw herself between the combatants, who as they continued the contest had unconsciously approached the bank of the river. At that moment, the Count Palatine expired in my arms.

The shrieks of the Princess, which now called to me for help, at once dried up the tears which were flowing so fast for the charming Otho,—even although he died in a state of excommunication. I flew to the place from whence I was called.—The Count Kalatin was now fallen into the river—Beatrice had sunk down senseless to the earth.—I, alas, could scarce sustain myself, when we were suddenly surrounded by our own people, who carried the Princess and Alverda to their pavilion.

The confusion which since reigns here is incredible. The body of the Count Kalatin is, by order of the Emperor, taken to the convent of Saint Paul; that of Wittelsbach, on account of his being under the excommunication of the church, is thrown into the river. It cost a great deal of trouble to one of your trusty servants, to save Alf Von Deulmen from the stream. The Princess is lying senseless—Alverda is

dying.—The Emperor, who had set out to meet his bride, is himself arrived here; and as the ladies are not in a condition to inform him of the whole proceedings, I have told him what I saw at the conclusion of the scene.

I find a security in my ignorance. Any opinions of mine on such subjects as these might render me liable to suspicions, and, in the end, endanger my life.

You, reverend Sir, will be better able to solve these enigmas than I am.—The day appears.—I must therefore conclude, that the messenger who promised to take a letter for you may not depart without it.

*Alverda to the Abbess of the Celestine Convent
at Pamiers.*

1210.

PRESERVE those papers which you will either receive before, or with this letter : they are documents of unexampled misfortunes well worthy of your attention.

Alverda is the assassin of her only brother ! Beatrice and Eliza are the murderers of him they most loved in the world !—will posterity conceive, will posterity believe, what is comprehended in these words ?

This will be delivered to you by the hand of a faithful servant, but not Jutta, who, since she is become the confidante of Sutri, is suspected by me.—Sutri is now here ; probably incited by her to add new pangs to my last moments. May God in his mercy call me hence, ere the voice of that man thunders forth his decrees, to

rob me of the small consolation which is yet left me!

Yes, reverend mother, my short and wretched existence is almost at an end. The moments are precious:—you must therefore be content with the few words, and the short space of time, which I can spare you.

To relate all the sufferings of my friend and myself would be too much for me, who am on the brink of the grave; and I refer you, for the sad history of them, to those papers which I already mentioned, and you may have already received. Our enemies have succeeded in all their vile attempts—Wittelsbach is dead, and it was our misfortune to find him dying on the shore of the Danube. Kalatin, authorized to commit the bloody deed by the awful sanctions of the secret tribunal, was his murderer. While we were affording an unavailing assistance to the dying Otho, Alf Von Deulmen appeared; Wittelsbach's late companion in misery, who had been a few days absent from him, and returned at this moment to meet the avenger's sword.

Alf Von Deulmen,—for I must not call him

brother,—found his friend mortally wounded, and beheld us by his side. After a few horrible words, that I cannot repeat, but which made me sink down senseless on the grass!—he flew to seek Wittelsbach's murderer, and soon found him. But I was not in a state to witness their angry encounter;—and I know of its fatal consequences but from the lips of Beatrice, from whom you may receive a more particular history, if it shall please God to spare her life. I am too weak to write, or even to dictate, the fatal narrative.

Beatrice also is in such a state, that they despair of her recovery.—The Emperor, who passionately loves her, has insisted that she shall be his Empress, whether she lives or dies.—The ceremony was, therefore, in obedience to the Imperial will, privately performed this morning. Beatrice solicited for the bodies of Wittelsbach and his friend, the former of which had been thrown into the Danube; but the intercession came too late for Alf Von Deulmen. The proscription against Wittelsbach's relations is also retracted; his body has been found,

and interred with those honours due to his illustrious character and injured virtue. All search after Alf Von Deulmen has been vain.

O, my reverend mother, you will see by my writing how weak I am : my only hope is for repose in a better world ! and I trust that God, in his mercy, will not permit a Sutri to rob me of it. Do not refuse a tear to my sad destiny. —It will console me in my last moments to know, that you will not forget the unfortunate Alverda.

*Bernard Duke of Saxony to the Duke Von ***.*

1210.

I must receive a very awful account from you:—and may God grant that when you have delivered it to me, your conscience may be at rest.

Philip,—Wittelsbach,—Count Adolf,—his sister,—and the poor Beatrice, who has borne the title of Empress but during the short space of four days, and perhaps many others, owe their unhappy fate to the disorder and abuses which you have allowed to creep into the mysteries which were entrusted to you !

The power of doing any further mischief must be taken from you;—you must be sensible that the mere dismissal from your office is a very moderate punishment for the misfortunes which you have occasioned, and the irreparable injury you have done to us and our

successors. Our laws must in future be held more sacred, and observed with greater rigour. The breaking that silence which is imposed by the rules of our alliance, and disclosing its secrets, of which you and the unfortunate Count Palatine (God knows whether you are as innocent as he) are accused, shall henceforward be punished with death; like any other irremissible crime that is brought before our tribunal.

He who shall have the audacity hereafter to imitate our sacred ceremonials, and, by assuming our name and authority, hold up the terrors of that power with which we are invested, shall die.—Whoever, under the mask, and in the character of a secret avenger, shall dare to exercise revenge, shall die, wherever he shall be found, and without the warning of a moment.—He who shall take upon him the office of judge, to terrify the innocent with his name, or give the slightest information to those who are the objects of our revenge, shall suffer death.

My heart bleeds at the dreadful laws which the representatives of a godlike tribunal must decree;—and that I am under the fatal necessity

of confirming them.—I tremble at the terrible consequence which must arise from the abuse of them.—But I am inevitably compelled to this unwelcome part of my duty.

We communicate to you an account of those statutes which are preparing by the wisdom of our tribunal, that you may judge of the real nature and consequences of those offences which you have committed; and be convinced that you can no longer remain a member of our alliance, in which you once occupied only an inferior station.—If, however, you should separate yourself from us altogether, as I advise you to do be on your guard against the Romans;—place no further confidence in them, or you may become the object of that revenge, from which their power, that professes to imitate our alliance, cannot preserve you.—You must not expect, as you will not find, any favour or protection from me, if our tribunal, offended at your misdeeds, should declare you to be a victim devoted to its vengeance.

Alf Von Deulmen's Confession to Posterity.

1210.

YES, I was preserved :—but, good God, what has my preservation brought along with it! —Can the power to breathe the air of a prison be called life? were I now to have my chains unloosed, and to be told that I was free; were my prison doors to be unbarred, could I associate with mortals, but as a shade returned from the other world? The sun has long been a stranger to me!—my eyes, that have for so many years (of which I can no longer keep an account) been accustomed to the darkness of a dungeon, or rather of a living tomb, can no more endure its rays. I am forgotten in the world.—If my former friends and acquaintance, who have survived the long course of years since I saw them, were to meet me, would they say it was Alf Von Deulmen? the greatest

and most honourable among them, and to whom my heart was more peculiarly devoted, were lost to me before I was buried in this dismal seat of darkness ;—the remaining few may, perhaps, have been long removed from the great theatre of misery ;—while to me alone, it has pleased Heaven to allot a long life of pain and of despair.—But, have not my sins merited this cruel respite ?—Alas ! does not my heart compel me to answer—that the world cannot contain a greater offender than myself ?—These hands were polluted with sacred blood. O my heart, attempt not to palliate thine offences—thou knowest well what years of night and solitude have taught thee !—night and solitude !—these potent and searching monitors, which awakened my conscience, and unveiled all my crimes. The dark abode, into which I am precipitated, quenches the self-deceiving powers of the heart, gives to every thought its real shape, and calls every deed by its own name.

A slave to ambition, a slave to extravagant and tumultuous passions, I entered on the career of honour ;—but alas, it was soon closed, and terminated in the blood of an Emperor and

a friend! O Philip,—O Kalatin, haunt me not thus! your avenging spectres, who incessantly torture my aching sight, may at length be appeased by my long and unexampled sufferings.

O that the Danube had been my grave!—and wherefore was I preserved from the waters, to grow old in solitude and darkness?—What a long and dismal night have I passed!—I became wearied even with counting the years I was left to suffer in this loathsome dungeon: and, in the present moment of tranquillity, I look back on all that has passed, and it appears like a dream.

The first period of misery, when I was free, was of short duration:—another succeeded, which taught me to perceive that liberty and happiness were not to be purchased by perjured faith:—it was terrible indeed!—This was followed by a long night of many years, passed in the burning fever of despair. At length, wearied and worn out with sorrow, it seemed as if my nature sighed for repose;—and it came at last in the form of an oblivious dream. My existence seemed to be dissolved in a kind of slumber, which, by the slow decline of the facul-

ties of nature, would have ended in death:—but I was strangely awakened to a new life. Where is he who cannot judge of the feelings of a man, who being on the brink of his grave, was roused at once into a sense of existence?—Who will not conceive the terror of that night, when, amid the rolling thunder, methought I heard the last trumpet of the Almighty call me from my bed of death!—when the chains fell from my hands, and the falling vault threatened so soon to put a period to that liberty which I had scarce received?—Thou pious, tender Ademar, wast the first object I saw after I recovered from the amazement which had stupified every faculty of my nature:—it was not surprising that I took you for an angel, and the place to which you carried me, the residence of saints.—To one who had suffered like me, any alleviation of his fate is the extreme of happiness.

Good Ademar! how much I thank thee for the mitigation of my misery—thou must not attempt to frame excuses for not having before granted it to me—thou wast my keeper—thou wast made to swear not to break my chains.—Thou didst not know thy unfortunate prisoner;

an inspiration from Heaven could alone have made me known to thee;—and it must have been an inspiration from Heaven that could have told thee what thou shouldst have done for me. If thou hadst come to visit me, it must have been by the assistance of a suspicious guide : none of thy predecessors in thirty long years thought it a duty to raise me from my grave; how came it then to fall to thee, who wast under the same obligation to act with equal rigour, to alleviate the misery of one whom a sacred oath had bound thee not to spare. Now that Heaven has sent you to me; now Heaven itself has broken my chains, thou art at liberty to act according to the benevolence of thy nature.—Thou hast not sworn to put new chains on these wounded hands,—these legs, grown stiff with age and confinement, remain free from the galling fetters.—My former tomb is fallen to ruin, why shouldst thou build me another?—Thou kindly gavest me this spacious habitation, and granted me the prospect from the castle, on which I have gazed as the fields of Elysium.—Thy tender care may perhaps restore my lost faculties to me;—and with the

added pleasure of sometimes passing an hour in thy company, this spot may become a paradise to me.—The occupation of books, and the pen which thou hast granted me, will dissipate the melancholy of a prison, and rob the tedious time of all its horrors.—Yet I sometimes see that tormenting fury, which was the terrifying companion of my solitude, and I sometimes appear to be in the same state as when I lay entombed in the darksome dungeon: but the sight of thee at once chases these cruel phantoms from my gloomy imagination.

O Ademar! Ademar! may Heaven for ever bless and preserve thee to me!—should adverse fate unkindly snatch thee away;—what will be my doom?—Oh take my life, rather, I beseech thee, than deliver me up to another, who may be cruel as thou art kind.—Thou wast obliged to swear before inexorable men, when I was consigned to thy care, that thou wouldst take my life when there was any danger of discovering the sad victim of their secret cruelty.

O Ademar! how have I wished to possess the power of rewarding your goodness to me: and how painful the recollection that I have nothing to give, but a faithful confession of all that I dare relate of my miserable life.—Nor must you despise this present, which will cost me many a bitter sacrifice.—I do not reckon the time and strength it will require to write this sad narrative,—for how can I better dedicate them, than to you and posterity, if you permit posterity to partake of it.

You must also consider, my friend, the advantages which you may derive from the knowledge of these things.—I am sixty years old: —(gracious Heaven! thirty years have passed away, since I was cast into the dark cavern from whence I have been so lately delivered) and compared with me, you are but an apprentice in the school of calamity!—you will find many things in the catalogue of Alf Von Deulmen's sufferings, which will be a consolation and guide to you in the future part of your life. But I will say no more to enhance the value of my gift, but at once begin the history of my life and of my crimes.

My native country is Westphalia—and till I had attained my twentieth year, I believed myself to be the son of a private gentleman, without rank, and without pretensions; and was happy in that idea: I would to God that nothing had ever happened to deprive me of it!

In the younger part of my life I soared after fame, and indulged my imagination in dreams of ambition. A natural instinct seemed to whisper me, that I must walk in an higher sphere; and far from endeavouring to silence the pleasing flatterer, I listened with secret delight to its fond suggestions.—The path by which I was to arrive at the object of my wishes lay, as I imagined, open to my view: I had learned from history, in which my tutor, a monk of a neighbouring convent, diligently instructed me, that many youths, of small fortune, had by their sword and their virtues attained to honours, wealth, and pre-eminence. I had already testified an inclination for great actions, and, inflamed by the historic page, I exulted in the hope that I should one day be crowned with rank and riches.

O fate, why didst thou thus mislead me,

from the secure, the delightful path which would have led me to the attainment of my wishes?— and at the same time turn me into a track full of danger, and on the precipice of misfortune? Yet let me not presumptuously scrutinize into the decrees of providence, but with all humility confess that my unexampled misfortunes were created by myself.

I longed with the utmost impatience for the arrival of that period, when my father promised me that I should take arms, and be sent to the court of some other country. I ardently seized every opportunity that offered to instruct myself in military discipline and the use of arms. The society of an inestimable youth in our neighbourhood often procured me these opportunities.—Of him I cannot think, without the most bitter remorse. Alas! how severe are the reproaches of my conscience when I reflect on the fond friend of my youth, Evert Von Remen.

Indefatigable in employing my arrows and my sword, I became a wild and wandering huntsman.—Day and night I inhabited the woods. The use of arms gave me new strength; and I became uncommonly robust by continual exer-

cise.—My good father, who had been in his youth a brave warrior, centered all his joy and all his hopes in me, and often called me by the animating name of “his young hero,” before Conrad, Evert Von Remen’s father. Being thus excited by praise and approbation, I became ambitious to give new proofs of my prowess, and regretted that in the woods and forests of Europe there were neither lions nor tigers to encounter, and that wolves and bears did not frequently appear to exercise my skill and my courage.—I seldom returned to my father’s house; and whenever I paid a short visit to the paternal mansion, it was late at night; and I never failed to quit it at the dawn of the morning; for the woods became my favourite habitation.

I had a sister, younger than myself:—and though I loved her well, it displeased me that the weakness of her sex prevented her from being the companion of my wild excursions.—I was angry with our friend the young Evert Von Remen for his attachment to her: for, his temper being composed of female gentleness, he preferred to stay with Alverda rather than share

the toils and dangers of the chase with his friend. I was alone in all my wanderings, and frequently remained in the most solitary places for many days together, seeking new pleasure and new spoils by the employment of my arms, and without returning to the house of my father.

Far to the north, at the mouth of the river Weser, between a group of barren rocks, was inclosed a narrow valley, in which passed many extraordinary things, as I had heard related in my boyish days. It was very generally supposed to be haunted by evil spirits, who at certain appointed times held their orgies there: it was also said, that many persons who had penetrated into it had never returned; that horrid noises were often heard there during night;—that streams of blood and livid meteors, and other extraordinary visions had been seen there. All these things I interpreted in many different ways. I believed also the accounts of large herds of white bears, who at certain periods left the forests to take up their habitation there. In short, all the various stories of supernatural beings who sometimes visited this valley, were sufficient to deter any one from entering the

confines of it.—But I knew no fear,—the idea of new dangers was a feast for my imagination, and the certainty that I should escape unhurt, from my uncommon strength, habitual skill, and conscious prowess, determined me to undertake the awful journey. As my family were now accustomed to the habits of my life, and my absence from home was so frequent, the execution of my plan, which required a considerable portion of time, met with no difficulty or obstruction.

I therefore set out on this anxious and secret expedition. It happened one evening, after I had made a very fatiguing journey, that on looking down from a mountain, the last of a long succession which I had passed, I beheld a valley, that I imagined to be a beautiful large forest, where I should find plenty of that which was the particular object of my pursuit.—But on descending into it, I found that there were neither wolves or boars;—there were, indeed, among the bushes great numbers of hares; but those I could find in our own woods, and they were not the animals which I sought to destroy.—Sometimes indeed I used

to catch them in full chase with my hand, in order to give proofs of my superior agility.—Being much disappointed that I found nothing to gratify my expectations, I was preparing to return, when a covey of partridges rose before me.—I let fly several arrows, took up my game which had fallen by them, and pursued my way towards my father's house, fully resolved never to revisit a place, to which, however, I was afterwards so often obliged to return.

I discovered a shorter road than that by which I went.—The family found my game exquisite: the ladies, in particular, had never tasted such delicious food; and to please the Lady Von Remen, I went every week to the same place to bring home a provision of the favourite game.

I was now obliged to make a more strict search for these birds.—I penetrated farther into the country—I pried into every corner which was concealed by the scattered mountains; and one day I found a place which most certainly had never been remarked before by any huntsman; but which drew my attention under a different character.

I had studied, among other things, the history of the ancient Romans; I was acquainted with every thing that books and my preceptor could teach me concerning that great and extraordinary people.—Hence I learned that they had left many traces of their incursions into Germany, —and the circumstances of that part of the country which I now so frequently visited, inspired me with the hope that I should find some remains of their ancient amphitheatres and temples.—This idea was flattering to my imagination, and my whole mind was occupied with the future discoveries I should make of these monuments of antiquity.

Such books as were necessary to my new pursuits, and which I was never refused from the library of a convent near my father's house, became a part of my hunting equipage. I passed whole days in reflecting on the manners, the learning, and the virtues of the ancients;—and many an idle but pleasing dream, the effervescence of youthful enthusiasm, did I indulge on these subjects.

The place which I now visited, for about a league round, was quite a desert:—and being

one day awakened from my reveries by a heavy shower of rain, I found myself entirely without shelter, as the ruins of old walls which were scattered about the spot were entirely open : I therefore took refuge in an hollow tree, in which I usually secreted whatever I carried with me. It was a willow of prodigious size, in whose trunk two persons might without inconvenience have taken shelter, and where I was fully protected from the inclemency of the storm. I sat there warm and dry, and when the rain had ceased, I sunk down into a calm and pleasing slumber.—I had been fatigued with the toil of the day ; and the approach of night brought with it the desire of rest.

I was awaked, as well as I could judge by the situation of the moon, which shone full and clear, a little after midnight, by a noise that I could not comprehend ; when looking about me to discover the cause, I saw the place animated by the forms of men.—I shuddered and shrunk within myself ; and all those idle tales which I had formerly heard of ghosts and evil spirits rushed into my mind ! This alarm, however, continued but a short time.—Accustomed

as I was to encounter every thing without fear, I quitted my narrow habitation, and, disdain-
ing any particular precaution, approached the
assembly: when I heard and saw things, a cir-
cumstantial account of which I am prohibited
by the most awful engagements from exposing
to any human being. It must suffice therefore
for you to know that, as it were on a sudden,
I found myself in the midst of an assembly,
which I afterwards knew to be that formidable
tribunal, which within the circuit of its enor-
mous power, was an invisible scourge, or a se-
cret blessing.

When, however, I recovered from my first
astonishment, I found that I was among men;
and not in the region of spirits; although all their
transactions wore the appearance of something
very different from the usual proceedings of
human beings. It was, indeed, impossible not
to feel surprise at seeing such an assembly,
clad, as it were, in that awful melancholy,
which denoted the serious tenor of their de-
liberations. In the midst of the circle which
contained this unintelligible multitude, I per-
ceived a man seated on a throne, who, by the

dignity of his deportment, and the wise opinions which he delivered, appeared to possess qualifications to preside in the first tribunals of the world.

Every person seemed deeply interested in the business that was then in a state of awful agitation.—My attention every moment increased as their proceedings became more important.—I, though courageous by nature as well as habit, could not resist the trepidations of alarm—I, who was in the vigour of youth, and possessed nerves of iron, frequently became powerless and stupified.—What I saw, and what I heard, is known to God; but never can be revealed by me. Quite lost in stupid amazement, and scarce respiring, from the eager desire to know how all these strange and incomprehensible proceedings would terminate, I stood, as it were, entranced in silence. At length, however, I was impelled, I know not how, to take a part in them:—and as the judge had made a speech from the throne, which was not altogether conformable to my opinions—“Is this the throne of infallibility,” I exclaimed, “and does any one

appeal to it as the judgment-seat of unerring wisdom?" Though I stood in the front of the tribunal, leaning against a low wall, I was in such a state of obscurity, from the higher walls around me, that I might have remained concealed, if I had possessed the prudence to avail myself of my situation. The words which I thus loudly uttered, and the declaration they contained against the supreme justice of the place, drew the eyes of all towards the spot where I stood.—A low murmur then commenced, which rose by degrees to the noise of thunder, that the surrounding hills reverberated, and made me tremble.—Among these confused and mingled sounds, I too plainly heard the alarm that a stranger had intruded,—that he must be instantly found, and satisfy with his blood the guilt of prying into these awful mysteries. As I shrunk within myself at what I heard, I received a blow on the hinder part of my head, which laid me senseless on the earth.

This blow, I had reason to believe, was given me rather to deprive me of my senses, than to destroy my life—or wherefore was it not repeated, when I was so near the verge of

another being. At length, however, I revived, —and on lifting up my eyes, I observed that all the place, which had been before enlightened with weak phosphorus, was now without any light, but the pale glimmering of the moon that shone on the spot where I lay, which I perceived to be at the foot of the throne.

The judge ordered me to arise, and at the same time informed me, that my life depended on the answers I should give to such questions as should be offered to me.

In the first place, I was asked how I came to that consecrated place?—whether curiosity or chance had brought me hither; and wherefore I did not take my flight at the menaces which the secret tribunal is accustomed to make to those who have the boldness to glide into the recesses of it? In answer to these interrogatories, I protested in the most solemn manner, that I was asleep in the willow from the fatigue of the day, and was awakened by the noise of their deliberations; wholly unconscious who they were, and what was the object of such an extraordinary assembly in such a solitary place.—I then added, that to any other questions which

they should think proper to put to me, I was ready to give the judges such answers as would at once exculpate me, and satisfy them. I was then interrogated relative to those things which I had just heard and seen,—but which my lips must never repeat.—But wherefore, continued the judge, were you so rash as to interrupt our deliberations by any exclamation of yours?

The love of justice.

But do you not think that the judgments of the throne whereon I sit are infallible?—

I think that I am before a tribunal of men, whose judgments cannot be perfect and unerring, unless they are inspired by God, the supreme Judge of the world.

Do you doubt the rectitude of our judgment in that case which called forth your exclamation?—

The exclamation proved my opinion?

Are you in any way interested in the life of the person condemned by us?

No,—until this moment, I never knew that such a person existed.

Have you any desire that the sentence should be deferred, or do you wish it should be changed?

As long as I hold it unjust, I must condemn it.

Yet another question.—Do you know by what means you can repair your present errors, or misfortune, call it what you please, in having intruded on this secret assembly?—

No.

There is only one mode to preserve you; and that is by being initiated into our holy league and solemn alliance.

I accepted the proposition, without taking any time for reflection. It was not, however, through fear, which was a stranger to my bosom; but because I had that night heard many things which pleased me, and suited the secret impulse of my nature.

You have heard a great deal this night from us: but do you think that you are acquainted with the various occupations which every member of this mysterious fraternity is obliged to perform.

Yes.—I understand that, besides judges and assessors, you have also informers and executioners among you.

Tell me, then what office you imagine will be

yours, if it should please me to honour you with a nomination to immediate service?—

I should suppose that it would be to some menial and inferior duties;—which, however, would not suit with the pride of my nature.

By what act would you wish to begin your probation?—

By a re-examination of that business, on which I declared an opinion that your injustice forced from me.

Young man, your declarations are unreserved;—and testify a brave and exalted character.—Who are you?—

I instantly told my name, and every other circumstance of my situation, which it would now be needless to repeat: it is enough to say that I was accepted as a member of the tribunal:—my lips were sealed by an oath that cannot be violated; and I found myself enrolled in a great confederation, of whose existence I had never before heard.

I, who had passed my life in solitude and retirement, suddenly found myself at once involved in an alliance which appeared to comprise half the race of mankind;—I, who owed

obedience but to a father, and a tender one he was, now found myself subject to a chief whom I did not know, and whose authority was so unlimited, that I was bound to obey every exertion of it.

I did not dare to acquaint my father with what had passed during this important night.— I was attached to that excellent man by such unbounded affection, respect, and confidence, that I should not have entered into this extraordinary league, if time had been given me to make my reflections on the nature of such a solemn engagement. But when the dreadful oath was sworn, it was too late to recede.

The Duke of Saxony, Duke Bernard's father, the reigning sovereign of the secret tribunal, the same judge whose wisdom that night I so much admired, whose deep penetration excited so much awe, took it on himself to calm the discontent which he perceived in me. My son, said he, with condescending goodness, the obedience which you owe your father is incompatible with that which is my due, and which you have sworn to me :—be punctual in fulfilling

your duty, and you will find me a kind master.

—And he fulfilled his promise; for a kind master I ever found him. But I experienced a very contrary character in the Duke Von ***, who is next in dignity to the Duke of Saxony, and in all cases of necessity, his representative.

From my first appearance in the great circle, the Duke Von *** had conceived a violent hatred against me, and was become implacable on my open disapprobation of a sentence given by him.—I have too much reason to think him the principal instrument of my ruin, and the leading cause of that misery which has accompanied my wretched existence.

I have already related that, my having rashly given my opinion on a sentence pronounced in the great tribunal was the cause of my having been initiated into it.—Such an opposition, from whomsoever it might come, could not be rejected, when the person accused did not at the same time acknowledge himself guilty.—Were the sword of justice already hanging over his head, the execution must be delayed, and more strict examination must succeed;—an examination, in which he who had appeared

to demand it was to act the principal part.—

The result of such an inquiry was, whether the life of the accused, or the person who undertook his defence, should be spared ;—or whether they both should die.—Thus I ignorantly involved myself in a business of great difficulty and equal danger, and for one whom I did not know. The Duke Von *** contended earnestly for his execution ; and his malignant wishes would have obtained their object, had I not discovered an irregularity in the proceeding, which delayed, at least, the avenging hand that was uplifted against him.

But another and more difficult task remained behind ; for having thus delayed his punishment, it became me to prove his innocence, or to suffer myself the sentence of death.

I now asked permission of my father to go and spend a few weeks in the chase, among some distant forests ; but I employed the time in other researches.—I was successful in them, and produced such a mass of incontrovertible evidence in favour of the impeached person, that it saved his life and my own.—Nor was my triumph lessened by the praise and approbation

which the Duke of Saxony himself condescended to bestow upon me.

As the Duke Von *** had sworn an eternal hatred against me ; whenever it depended upon him, the commissions with which I was charged were full of difficulty and danger :—but my fidelity and my courage never failed of success ; and in defiance of my enemy, I continued to perform the most important services, and to acquire new honour as I proceeded in the various discharge of my duty.

It once happened that certain records which were written in the time of Charles the Great, and had been lost, were so essential to some important objects of the league, that every means were employed to discover them. I, among the rest, had my commission to begin the search ; and I succeeded so soon in their discovery, that our chief told me to make any request of him, which my wishes should suggest, and that nothing but an impossibility should prevent its being immediately granted.

Impressed with the liveliest gratitude to the Duke for his generous conduct to me, I withdrew from his presence, to consider of the privi-

lege with which he had indulged me. I was now approaching my twentieth year ; and my father's promise that I should enter the service was, from many circumstances, as yet unaccomplished.— I determined therefore to demand of the Duke of Saxony the sword of knighthood, and that I might serve in his army.—Nor did he fail in his promise ; for he not only granted my request, but accompanied it with such an elevation of military rank as the vainest wishes of my heart had never contemplated.

Every one at my father's house knew of my repeated absences from home, which had been more or less frequent from my boyish days.— But Conrad Von Remen, my young friend's father, would at times shake his head, and appeared to have a mind burdened with thoughts and suspicions, which he dared not to confide to any other.

As I had such continual employment in my secret office, I began to apprehend that I should not be long able to maintain the secrecy to which I was bound by an oath which it might be death to break.—It would be useless to remark that my situation was attended with very

peculiar, extraordinary, and alarming circumstances. I formed a thousand different schemes to reconcile my filial duty with the oath I had taken as member of the secret tribunal. The open, honest sincerity of my nature long revolted at the idea of veiling my heart to him who gave me birth ;—but I was compelled to yield to the necessities of my situation,—and to deceive my father. At the same time, as if to punish my offence, I became engaged in an office which I must consider as the cause of all my woes.

As the beginning of them, this dear father and best of friends was seized with a fit of illness, and soon reduced to that state which banished all hope of his recovery.—My young friend Evert Von Remen, my sister, and myself, were incessantly weeping in his chamber, and dreading the moment when we were to be separated from him for ever. On the morning of his death, he desired that I should be left alone with him ; when he addressed the following discourse to me, of which every word is imprinted on my memory.

“ My son,” said he, “ I cannot, nay, I dare

not quit this world, without depositing in your bosom a family secret, which my father also confided to me.—To me it has been of no advantage—but, on the contrary, has filled my soul with restless endeavours after unattainable wealth:—it has embittered my days, and the consequence is a premature grave; in whose cold bosom I shall shortly rest from all my troubles.—Could I foretell that this would be your allotment, I would forswear the oath by which I am bound to communicate such a source of sorrow.—Know then, that you are not the youth of obscure birth and ordinary pretensions which you imagine yourself;—you are a branch of the house of the Count Von ——. The property and title of this house, which the Bishops of Bremen and Munster have shared between them, are your right.—They robbed your father of them, and almost reduced us to the state of the poorest citizen.—My father, the first victim of this injustice, found security and peace by concealing his great name; yet he would not die without discovering to me our pretensions, and the means to realize them. He

conjured me either to employ them myself, which he had been afraid to do, or to recommend such a conduct to his descendants, who perhaps might be more fortunate than their ancestor had been."

Almost breathless with astonishment, I knelt down by the bed on which he lay, pale and dying; while my heart, which had long thirsted after greatness, now began to swell with an enthusiastic pride at the discovery; nor were the afflicting circumstances which accompanied it sufficient to extinguish the sudden ardour of my bosom. "How," cried I, "how, my father, are you the Count Von ——! and is it at this melancholy period, and from your dying lips that I am to learn the wondrous tidings?"—"Unhappy young man!" returned he, "how violent and extreme must be the thirst after empty honours in your soul, when the discovery of your birth fills it with such powerful emotions, at a moment in which all the greatness and grandeur of the world should appear but as dust in the balance."

I blushed at the reproof I had so justly merited.—I was sensible of the truth of my father's

words; and yet I could not suppress the fervent desire I had to know the means by which I was to regain what he had lost.

“The method I took,” replied he, “led me into many errors.—I sought justice at the throne of the prince, but found it not.—Your grandfather informed me there was yet another throne, where I might find immediate assistance; but he felt an abhorrence at prostrating himself before it.—I have been governed by the same principle, and I flatter myself you will follow the example of your fathers.—In the German empire there reigns a clandestine power, which is at once the friend and foe of justice, and while it often punishes the innocent, will assist the oppressed, when they seek its assistance.” —“And why did you not,” cried I in haste, and with a glowing countenance, “seek its powerful aid?” for I too well knew the power of which he spoke.

“Those unknown men, it is true, possess a most formidable power; but I cannot advise you,” said my father in a feeble voice, “to address yourself to it. Inquire what fame says

of them. But it is my firm belief, that danger and dishonour attends an alliance with them.”—

“ Gracious Heaven!—what powerful reason can urge my dearest father to entertain such notions of this seat of secret justice?—Is not the Duke of Saxony its chief?”—

“ It is most true, my son, that the Duke of Saxony is a good man, but what can be said of the Duke of —, his representative? While your grandfather lived, such men presided also in the secret tribunal—but where authority is without control, though justice may be sometimes administered, innocence will suffer oppression.”

I felt an anxious desire to soften these prejudices in the mind of my father; but this was not a moment to indulge such a hope;—his virtuous spirit was departing from him;—he had fainted, from the exertions he had already made: and though nature seemed to rally for a moment, to repeat some further instructions concerning my fortune and my name, he soon gave me the last look of paternal affection, and expired in my arms.

It is impossible to describe my affliction, when I saw him dead before me; who, if Heaven had spared him, might have enjoyed all that his heart had languished in vain to possess.—Oh! why did I not sooner learn these things? My departed parent had passed a miserable life, in fruitless hopes of attaining that which I could now command by a word! From the power of the secret tribunal, in which I was incorporated, and the protection of the Duke of Saxony, I well knew that every obstacle would sink before me,—and that my paternal rights and honours would, in a very short time, be restored to me.

I was almost inflamed to madness,—and as I beat my forehead with my hands, I continued to exclaim, “Why did he so long withhold the important secret?—and wherefore did I fear to speak?—Too late, alas! too late does happiness approach me; when he who was dearest to me in the world cannot share it with me.—Oh, my father! my ever honoured father! what supreme delight would it have been to have adorned you, in your latter days, with the splendour of that station to which you were born!—Must I

now enjoy it alone! and shall I not be ashamed to possess rank and riches, when you lived and died in retirement and obscurity?"

I became so outrageous, that my friend Evert Von Remen, was convinced I had lost my senses; and he was confirmed in his opinion, when I caused a magnificent funeral for my deceased father,—which was by no means suited to his apparent rank and situation.—I was wholly employed about that melancholy ceremony, and the purchase of a vault in an adjacent convent, where I deposited his remains among the princes who had founded it.

On examining the papers that my father had left, I found certain writings which disposed me to doubt, in some degree, the success which I had hitherto imagined would instantly wait upon my petition to our tribunal. The professed hatred of the Duke of —, and his extensive authority, alarmed me.—That opinion of him, and some other of the members, which I had read amongst my father's writings, was but too well founded.—I asked, as he had done, why such people should be admitted into so sacred an alliance? and found

what his opinion was of those who had any connection with such a strange and incomprehensible system. What he had written on the subject was of such importance, that I felt an inward tremor, perhaps the prediction of what I was one day doomed to suffer.—I had, however, determined on my journey to what was called the infallible throne; and I recommended my sister to the care of the Lady Von Remen, uncertain in what manner and character I should return.

How I opened the affair, which caused so much astonishment; in what manner it was received; the obstacles that opposed me, and how I surmounted them, in defiance of my enemies,—these are circumstances which it is not necessary to relate; and by those who are unacquainted with our mysteries, the greatest part of the narrative would not be understood.—It will be sufficient to say that the sentence was given in my favour; and that I received no small aid from the extensive authority of my protector. To those who had possession of my property, it was of no advantage that they had relations and friends in our circle.—The Archbishop of Bremen being brother to the Duke

of —, was of little use to him, and I returned the acknowledged heir to the Count of ***, and lawful proprietor of all his titles and estates.

The astonishment of some, and the joy of others on this event, shewed itself in a thousand different ways.— Amongst all my friends, there were none who rejoiced so little at my acquired greatness as Evert Von Remen. My sister had been promised to him from her infancy, and, in her former situation, this alliance would have been a brilliant fortune for her: but in her present change of situation, Evert had reason to doubt whether he could presume to look up to her.—I loved my friend, and immediately endeavoured to satisfy his mind, and soothe his doubting spirit. — He was a young man of extraordinary virtue, and more noble in sentiment than in birth. I felt it, therefore, as an happy and auspicious moment; when I had the power to render him happy, by encouraging his pretensions to my sister.

Unfortunately for him (alas! should I not rather say for myself?) our tempers had not been

formed in the same mould:—he was gentle—I was ardent and hasty—he, notwithstanding his undaunted courage and skill in arms, loved tranquillity. I, on the contrary, aspired after military glory; and should have been pleased if the judge of the secret tribunal had given me more employment for the sword. Evert had a decided aversion to all secrecy; and I had too many secrets which I was obliged to conceal from him.—He would frequently speak to me on this subject, and often said, that between such friends as we were there should be no reserve.—He had sagacity enough to dive into many of my secrets—he inquired when he should not have been curious;—he followed me when I wished to be alone; disputed with me about things which he did not understand; and contradicted others which I knew better than him, without daring to convince him of my superior knowledge:—thus arose a jealousy between us, which was fomented by frequent disagreements; we afterwards, indeed, agreed that it was a folly for such friends to be at variance, and ever more to avoid in our conversation those subjects that might beget contention.—

Nevertheless, the foundation of our friendship was undermined; and the coolness which succeeded soon ended in a total separation.

My new situation, and the rank which, as Count of ***, I supported in the empire of the invisibles, brought new connections with them.—Friends and enemies intruded: some on the pretence of business, others for my particular conversation; some with good, others with evil designs, pressed their services on me. He, whom I already knew to be my enemy, the Duke —— and his party, I could avoid: in regard to others, I received them either as chance or the prejudice of the moment might direct.—I chose, from the great multitude by which I was encompassed, two friends, who afterwards possessed a powerful influence on my destiny.—The one waited to be sought for by me; he was the noble Count Palatine, Otho Von Wittelsbach, a young man who had a short time since been initiated in our league: the other was forward in forcing himself on my friendship, and derived the art of pleasing from his numerous accomplishments. His name was Peter Von Kalatin, an unfortunate young man, whose fate it was to fall by my sword.—A man

who to this day I am ignorant in what light to consider, so often did he wear the semblance of a traitor: yet a voice whispers to my soul, and tells me, "he was thy friend, and thou art his murderer!—all the endeavours of thy heart to prove him a traitor are so many artifices to excuse thine own guilt."—Oh, conscience! conscience! will thy scourge never rest! must thy groans continually defeat every purpose which I meditate for my repose?—But let me proceed; let me speak of this Peter Von Kalatin as he deserves.

Besides his personal qualifications, and the art he possessed of making himself agreeable, he had that also, in a peculiar degree, of conciliating friendship. I discovered in his conduct, as I thought, the most generous intentions towards me: at the time I was first sworn into one of the lowest offices in the secret tribunal, he had already enjoyed an high rank in the council; and, on the frequent occasions I had of being employed with him, he never gave me the least cause of complaint: he had always been as assiduous and attentive to me as he possibly could be to any one even of the chiefs; and now that fortune

had raised me to my newly discovered rank and property, and that I had stepped over him, and a thousand others, and was exalted to a dignity which he could never have hoped to attain, he did not testify the smallest degree of that envy or jealousy which inflamed the bosom of the Duke Von ——; Kalatin still was the same, with this only difference, that his former affability towards me as an inferior, was now changed into equal friendship.

This is a phænomenon which by experience I knew was rarely to be found, and his conduct won me to him. I became partial to him, because I thought that he was so much more estimable than the generality of mankind; and when I experienced so many proofs of his virtue, my heart became wholly attached to him.—As Kalatin was sensible of the fast possession he had of my affection, he unveiled his own; nor did he hide from me his love for my sister, and his hopes of possessing her; a discovery that filled me with the deepest concern.—Pride was my predominant passion; and though I greatly esteemed him, still I thought his rank in life so inferior to mine, as not to justify the connection

to which he aspired. Indeed, had I consented that my sister should marry beneath her, it could only be to an Evert Von Remen.—Evert was the friend of my infancy, and possessed my sister's affections, which had been sanctioned by the favour and engagement of my father. Kalatin had not these pretensions; my answers, therefore, to him on this interesting business were repeated refusals. Nor did I forget to urge the pretensions of Evert Von Remen, which had been, in some measure, sanctioned by my father, my sister, and myself.

I know not whether Kalatin was offended with my rejecting him, but he seemed to look on Evert as the principal obstacle to his happiness, and used every art to remove him from my confidence and regard.—How artful must he have been in his designs against his rival, when I was not conscious that it was he who had imperceptibly alienated my heart from the friend of my youth!—When, indeed, I afterwards discovered that his machinations had been the cause of our disunion, I began to doubt of his honour; and other circumstances arose to confirm my suspicions.

At this time, however, I was so attached to him, that Evert's company became at first indifferent, and at last tiresome to me. I attributed less to the witty sarcasms of Kalatin, than to the comparisons I made between my two friends, when I thought of them in my solitary hours,—and in which Evert was thrown into shade by the superior lustre of Kalatin. How could I put in competition the simple, honest, and unreserved philosopher, with the artful and eloquent courtier?—how smooth and flattering was each word which he uttered, and each action which he performed!—how harsh and morose those of Evert, particularly when he perceived that my friendship for him daily decreased.—Curious in his inquiries, his opinions were decisive, and sometimes the cause of offence.—I, indeed, thought him altogether changed from what he once was. He who was so gentle and condescending, now on a sudden became gloomy, suspicious, and discontented,—I wondered at a change of which I alone was guilty; and did not reflect that such negligence on my part was sufficient to effect it in an heart like his.

My sister made the same complaints of our old friend;—nor did Kalatin lose such an opportunity to pursue his own advantage, and prejudice his rival. By degrees, I began to think that I was neither bound by oath or duty to Evert Von Remen; and that far better fortune than an union with him might smile on Alverda, particularly when she was once presented at court; which, as she had attained the necessary age, was become an indispensable ceremonial to a person of her birth and station. I cannot conceive why Kalatin endeavoured so much to withdraw me from my own country; but he continually urged the necessity of it, either to introduce my sister into the world,—which she herself pretended to demand, or for other reasons, to which he endeavoured to give a fallacious weight and importance. I paid, however, but little attention to them.—“You know, Kalatin,” I often said, “that I am not my own master: the Duke of Saxony must absolutely be informed if I quit my country; and I doubt whether he would approve of it. But my presence here is necessary to my own private concerns:—one year’s enjoyment of my

heritage has not so confirmed me in the rights of it, but that the former oppressing usurpers, especially the Archbishop of Bremen, may menace me with danger, should I at this time withdraw myself from my possessions.”

Kalatin, being unable to answer my objections, was silent.—He pretended to let every thing go on as usual, and lived peaceably in my house, which I desired him to consider as his own. — In short, his being ever with me, and the amiable character which he maintained, combined to exalt him in my eyes: besides, he appeared to have so entirely subdued his unapproved passion for my sister, that he often talked to me of other alliances which he had in view. — In all this time I discovered nothing in him that could be suspected, but a punctual correspondence with Rome, and the Duke Von —, which he artfully contrived to justify.

As we were one day conversing on his intention of choosing a wife from among the young women of our country, and I was jesting with him on the occasion, he asked me, with an arch, sagacious look, if I had never been in love?

“Never, Kalatin: my acquaintance with women has been very confined;—and, among those with whom I have conversed, I have never met with one who awakened in my bosom any symptoms of the tender passion.”

“And what qualities would you require in a future Countess of ***?”

“Not only those which every man wishes in a companion for life, but there must be also rank and high birth: I would rather prefer one above, to one below me, or who even was my equal. I find among my ancestors more princesses than persons of inferior rank; and if I were to aggrandize the splendour of our house, I must choose with the spirit and ambition of my ancestors.”

“These sentiments, my dear Count, are worthy of your own noble mind;—but how should you ever find those ladies who might answer to your wishes, when you are determined to remain in your own country?”

“I am not yet very old, Kalatin,” replied I, laughing: “let another ten years pass away, and, during that time, many beautiful flowers will expand their charms for me,”—

“And many,” interrupted he, “will be withered, which Heaven now offers to your choice in all their bloom and fragrance.—Europe is now rich in beautiful princesses, whom, if you continue in your present resolutions, you will never see in the pride of their beauty, if your servant Kalatin, and the painter’s skill, did not place before your eyes those charms which you think unworthy of your research.”

“What, Kalatin, have you a cabinet that contains the portraits of all the living beauties of royal descent, in the different courts of Europe?”

“Not all of them—but I can boast of having exact representations of five of our most celebrated princesses; and, when it suits your pleasure, you may see them.”

Is there now, think you, or has there ever been, an human being so lost to the finest sensibilities of nature, as not to be desirous of seeing the great masterpiece of the creation, a beautiful woman,—though it were only in a picture?

I was charmed with the animated zeal of my friend; and began to conceive it possible that,

among these promised portraits, I might behold the image of a woman I could love.—I expected, therefore, the interesting paintings with the utmost impatience; and when the casket was brought which contained them, we retired to a saloon in the garden, and I opened it with all the eager hope of impetuous youth.

“Fortify yourself,” said Kalatin, while he drew aside the curtain which concealed the painter’s art: “prepare yourself to see what our time has produced most exquisite in female beauty.—I now present to your eyes the three daughters of Philip, who are named the three Heroines, the Princess Adela of Poland, and the beautiful Alice of Toulouse:—you may now make your choice; and be assured, at the same time, that no prince will refuse you his daughter, if you think it right to demand her.”

I was so entirely occupied in contemplating the objects he had placed before me, that I returned no answer.—I saw the blooming Princess Adela of Poland, the daughter of King Premislaus; I saw the majestic Eliza, and the enchanting Kunigunde; who, notwithstanding all

her charms, pleased me the least, from the war-ton cast of her countenance : I beheld also the young Beatrice, lovely and in her first bloom, like the goddess of youth, and beaming with smiles that would have enlivened the goddess of mirth. All these I saw :—but what name shall I give that sense of sight, when I beheld the picture of the beautiful Alice of Toulouse.—I more than saw her charms, for I felt them too ;—and they struck deep into my heart.—All the admiration, all the enthusiastic astonishment which the other beauties had excited in me, were dissipated in a moment by the exquisite sentiments with which this supernatural charmer inspired me.—Oh Heavens!—when I remember how I then saw her, only in a picture, which was so inferior to herself, and fell so infinitely short of her real beauty,—it is as if a celestial light illumined my dreary dungeon.—Oh, Alice! Alice! my long lost Alice! is it for thee that I drag these chains?—Alas! to what sad allotment has that unbounded, unhappy passion for thee reduced me?—Thou art with thy God—thou couldst not long be separated from Heaven, which was thy native country.—Thy innocent, angelic

countenance, thy cherub smile, the celestial looks of those heavenly eyes;—alas! thy every feature so enchanted me,—that in adoring thee, I felt as if I adored an object who was not destined for the love of mortals.—Ah, why did not this sentiment pervade my heart when I first contemplated thy divine charms? I surveyed them, as it were, with my soul; nor could be satisfied with the sight, until the impression became too deep to be effaced.—I was not sensible of my danger:—ah! who is he that should have warned me of it?—was it not Katalin?—Alas, he it was who sought to ensnare me in an unhappy passion, by the magic power of this enchanting picture!—he knew that it must be the source of misery to me:—for of all these royal and beauteous women, not one of them could be mine.—Adela was beloved by the Duke Bernard of Saxony; Eliza was promised to Otho Von Wittelsbach; Kunigunde was already married to the Count Richard of Segni; Beatrice was destined for the Duke of Brunswick; and Alice, my heavenly, my never to be forgotten, my eternally beloved Alice, was the affianced Queen of Castile.—These circumstances

were, at this very time, well known to the wily courtier; but had never reached the solitude and retirement wherein I passed my days. — Letters which I regularly received from Count Wittelsbach, then at court, would have explained these things; but the greatest part of them were written in the Roman tongue, which I very imperfectly understood; and the traitor Kalatin, to whose assistance I applied, interpreted them in a manner which best suited those views that governed every action of his life.

Spirit of Kalatin, pardon me if I do you injustice! — but did you not, by the most insidious arts, entangle me in all the miseries of fruitless love? — and, at this moment, after so many sad years of sorrow and distress, my suspicions of your faithless conduct still remain with me. — It was you who bid me choose, amongst five different roads which lay open to me; being assured, as you then were, that every one of them would infallibly lead me to destruction: — and I fell into the snare which this perfidious friend had laid for me. — I could not remain cold and insensible to all the charms

that were displayed before me: to have fortified my heart, I must have perceived the treachery of a friend whom I loved,—of an heart which I considered as devoted to me.—But Kalatin had conducted himself with such consummate artifice, that my young, inexperienced heart became at once the slave of a tyrannic passion.

“You are caught, then,” said he, in a tone of exultation, when he saw me lost in contemplation of my beloved picture; “and the lovely Alice of Toulouse has the honour of bearing away the palm from the rival beauties.—I most sincerely congratulate you on your choice;—and let me now request, that you will make no delay in setting off for the place where your divinity resides: then you will know that ladies of her rank cannot be reserved for a particular lover; but that you must hasten to seize the object, if you would wish to possess it.”

I was sensible of the necessity of following Kalatin’s advice:—the journey to France became the constant subject of my conversation with him; but how it was possible to accomplish it, without interfering with the duties I owed to the secret

tribunal, filled me with perplexity,—till an order from our chief to go to Pamiers, under an assumed name, settled the business.—A more agreeable proposition could not have been made me:—I joyfully accepted it; and did not then observe, what I afterwards discovered,—that there were many circumstances in the form and manner of my instructions, which might have induced me to suspect them.—But my wishes made me careless and confident.—Besides, I knew that many of the principal persons amongst us, for some private cause, would secretly go to the assembly of bishops, which was then held at Pamiers; and I thought it probable, because I wished it, that I should also be called there. I was equally persuaded that the Duke Bernard would himself be there, and satisfy any doubts I might have on the object of my commission. Alas! I was ignorant that this noble Prince was then confined by sickness, and that the malicious Duke of ——— was gone to France as his representative.—My preparations for taking this journey were eagerly accomplished:—love and duty called;—how then could I delay?

My first intention, on my arrival, was to pay a visit to the Count of Toulouse, in hopes of seeing his charming sister, and to have an opportunity of commencing my suit, which Kalatin, who must have been better informed, left me to suppose would be granted to my wishes. — I hoped to terminate the important concern of my heart; and at the same time to be able to join the assembly at Pamiers on the day appointed by my chief.

My design was to confide to my friend Von Remen, whom I still esteemed, although my affection for him was diminished, the care of my property; and to his noble mother the guardianship of my sister, who, to this period, had lived almost continually with her. This would have been the most eligible plan for us all; but it did not suit Kalatin: he disapproved, and found the way to prevent it.

A variety of circumstances happened at this time to make me suspect the probity of my friend Von Remen, and to doubt the sincerity of his excellent mother. — I should mention, however, that they were the machinations of Kalatin, though, at the time, there was not sufficient reason

to entertain such a suspicion of him: yet to what, or to whom, can I attribute these artful designs? when at a subsequent period the friendship of Von Remen was proved to me.—I was at that time blind to the innocence of the one, and the guilt of the other; and Kalatin did not fail to take the advantage of my unfortunate confidence in him.

“Your sister, my dearest Count,” said he, “cannot be so improperly situated in any place as in Von Remen’s house:—you would do well even to send for her this very evening: she may follow you to France, and I myself will be her conductor.—Nor is this all,—she may be of use to you in regard to the Countess of Toulouse, who resides in a convent at Lyons: we will carry Alverda there, that the charming Alice may, through the sister, become acquainted with the brother.—Thus may her heart be captivated ere she receives an order to be yours, and you be in possession of her by her own ready consent, and not by the cold, formal recommendation of her family.”

In this manner Kalatin urged his persuasive eloquence: with what views it was dictated the

judge of human hearts only knows.—I was blinded by love and prejudice, and gave a ready assent to every proposition he was pleased to make me.—I gave myself no time whatever to consider on the circumstances of my passion, and the possibility of attaining its object.—I did not feel my ingratitude to Von Remen and his mother, by making Alverda suddenly quit the house in which she had been so kindly cherished and protected from her infant years:—I did not suffer my mind to examine the ill opinions which I had been persuaded to entertain of the friend of my youth:—I did not consider the gross impropriety of trusting my sister to a man who had once loved her: every consideration of reason and of honour was swallowed up by the unlimited confidence which I placed in Kalatin, and the hopes of possessing the beautiful Countess of Toulouse.

I gave my sister the necessary directions for the execution of our plans:—I shewed her the picture of the Countess of Toulouse, and told her of the necessity she was under of quitting the Lady Von Remen to follow me.—But I found more reluctance in the dear girl to comply than I had imagined.—Her heart was free

from the tumult of passion; her understanding was not clouded by the delusions of love; she therefore saw with a more sagacious eye, and formed a far better judgment of such projects, than her brother.—She was obliged, however, to yield.—It was considered as absolutely necessary to inform her of all our schemes, as well as the grounds of them.—The most rigid secrecy was enjoined her; and the doubts which still governed her mind were suppressed by the almost filial awe which she had of me; and by the conviction that in obeying my will, she was fulfilling the duty of an obedient and affectionate sister. Even now, I can scarce conceive how it was possible, I could suffer myself to be so deceived by Kalatin.—As to my property, I had settled it in such a manner, that I thought it secure:—but I have long since heard that it would have been retaken from me, had not the honest Evert Von Remen risen up in its defence, and preserved it to me.—The Archbishop of Bremen, who only waited my departure to invade my domains, was, through the courage and prudence of Evert, driven from his designs,—at the moment when I permitted myself to be guided by his enemy, when

I was acting treacherously towards him;—had broke my faith with him, and snatched his mistress from him.

The departure from my own country, of which I repented too late, was the temptation that brought these enemies against me; and, if I dare to trust my own suspicions, they were encouraged by Kalatin.—Nay, as I have since heard, their object was not merely to rob me of my possessions, but also, God only knows for what purpose, to have seized my person.

I was but five miles from my castle, when I had notice given me of a private conspiracy.—I escaped all the snares that had been laid for me on my journey; sometimes by being on the watch, and sometimes by my good sword, which was ever fortunate, until I arrived on the frontiers of ———; where, from false intelligence, I fell into those of enemies whom I did not then know, and whom I have known too late.

It was towards evening, after a fatiguing day's journey, that I came to a very solitary road: I was unattended, and the way unknown to me.—But an old man was sitting there, who asked my charity.—

“Good father,” said I, while I bestowed my

bounty on him, "can you direct me to any place where I may find a comfortable reception?"

"You must take a by-way, most worshipful knight," answered he.—

"I do not understand you."—

"You want to know where you can repose to-night, do you not;—and be accommodated with lodging and refreshment?"

"You are right, old man, and it is about that I ask you."—

"That narrow path will lead you to the wood, and though it is frequently unsafe on account of robbers, yet as it will be the shortest way to reach the town before midnight, it will be the safest for you."

"Why particularly for me?"

"Because, young knight, you have enemies lurking here.—I saw many armed men lying in the thickets, heard them mention your name, and talk of you as of their destined booty."

"Mention my name, do you say?—how came my name to be known to you?"

"Can the countenance of that family from which you are descended be denied? I saw also, when you gave me a more than princely gift,

the ring that you wear on your finger, which bears the arms of your ancestors.—Thirty years I served under your grandfather, sometimes in the Emperor's wars, and sometimes in his own with the Bishop of Bremen : ought I not, therefore, to know his grandson? Count Raimond Von —— was, at your age, like you ; I could almost think myself young again, and that he was alive standing before me ; if this decaying body, this shrivelled skin, and this old ragged coat, did not tell me another tale.”

“ What,” I exclaimed, “ did you serve under the banners of my house, and is all that you have gained in its service a beggar's crutch ?”

“ Do not reproach me with my miserable trade ; I do not pursue it for myself, but for an aged uncle, who has no other support but me.”

“ Good God,” I cried, “ can I know that, and not afford you my assistance? No, old man, I will not quit this place until I have repaired the debt of my ancestors :—I am also in your debt, you warned me of the dangers which I believe surround me.”

“ And what, most noble Count, is your present purpose ?” —

I will go with you, and lodge this night in your humble cottage, and, at my departure, will enable you to change it for a more convenient habitation :—nor shall the means be wanting to enable you to pass the remainder of your days in it with comfort and independence.”

“Alas,” said the old man, at the same time raising himself gently, and carefully leaning on his crutches, “you will be but badly lodged under my roof, which can scarcely shelter me and mine from the wind and rain : it is, however, better that you should be with me, than expose yourself to the dangers that attend you in seeking a better habitation.”

I dismounted and followed my venerable guide, who led my horse, that I might keep pace with him. Indeed he entertained me so pleasantly with relating anecdotes from the history of my family, that I hardly perceived the sun was sunk beneath the horizon, and that we were walking by twilight. In the midst of his interesting narrations we met a well dressed man, with whom my conductor seemed to be acquainted, and spoke to him in the Roman tongue, of which, as I have already said, I

understood but little. I grew impatient at their long conversation ; when the old man said to me —“ This person is one of the domestics of our gracious lord, the proprietor of this place : he has asked me where I was taking you, as he supposed from your appearance that you were too high a guest for me, and proposed to invite you to the castle in the name of his master, where you will find far better accommodations than in a beggar's hovel.”

The stranger bowed very respectfully to me, and assured me, in bad German, that although I was unknown to his lord, I should be a very welcome guest ;—that he never omitted inviting strangers of consequence to his castles, and that all his people had absolute orders, when they should happen to meet with any who were of a distinguished appearance, to invite and conduct them to his table, with the same attention as himself. —The appearance of the speaker pleased me as little as his speech ; I neither knew him nor his master :—experience had taught me precaution ; and a refusal to his invitation was on my lips, for I preferred a lodging under the humble roof of my honest warrior, to the proudest

chamber in the castle of a person totally unknown to me.—But as I turned to speak to the old man,—it was with inexpressible astonishment that I perceived his crutches lying at my feet, and himself on my horse, galloping, with the swiftness of a bird, over an adjoining field.

“Good sir,” stammered out the unknown person, “your surprise convinces me that you are ignorant to whom you have thus confided yourself.—This man is the leader of a band of robbers, who make it their business, under various disguises, to draw unfortunate travellers into their net. He fears nothing here but the authority of my lord, who has saved many victims from his treachery; and you have reason to thank your patron saint, who sent me to your deliverance.”

I stared with amazement at the stranger; and that the old man should so deceive me, completed the measure of my astonishment. But whether I had any thing better to expect from the person who seemed to have driven him away, and who perhaps was in a secret intelligence with him, I was at a loss to conjecture.—He pretended not to observe nor understand

my looks, which, however, perfectly expressed my thoughts—and he went slowly on before me, and necessity compelled me to follow him. He talked of the vicinity of the castle; the company which were there, and various other things.—Though I but half understood what he said, as he spoke very bad German, and used many words in his discourse which I could not comprehend.

I knew not what to do—and as we walked on together I could not repress my fears:—for I was in a strange country, where some great misfortune seemed to threaten me.—My guide remarking that I loitered, turned towards me, and perceiving that I had my sword drawn in my hand, said to me, with a dissembling smile, “Do not you see that I have no arms? you need not beun easy.”—Then throwing his cloak aside, he convinced me he had neither sword or dagger. I was ashamed of my suspicions, and approached him with more confidence.—We now both of us remained silent, like persons who were doubtful what to think of each other.—I asked him his master’s name, but he returned no answer; and muttered something

between his teeth in his own language, of which I could only comprehend the words, "stay or go." I concluded this behaviour to be the resentment of an honest man, who felt himself injured by false suspicions.—I, therefore, put up my sword, fully persuaded there was no cause for apprehension.—After some time, "Yonder is the castle," said he, as we approached a large plain, situated behind a little hill, "you can now determine whether you prefer passing the night beneath its sheltering roof, or in the open air."

"I will go with you," replied I, "and I pray you, pardon me if, through an excess of precaution, I have done you injustice."—

We had now reached a large castle, when we entered a spacious court, where a great number of servants with flambeaux came forward to meet us.—"Is there a numerous company?" asked my guide,—"We have no strangers to-day, but him you bring with you," answered they; "he will be very welcome to my lord and his friends."—All my apprehensions were now dissipated.—I could plainly observe that I was not in a den of robbers, as I had apprehended, but on the contrary, found myself in the palace of

a person of distinction, where every thing wore the appearance of wealth, pomp, and magnificence.

The door of a grand illuminated hall now flew open, where a numerous company were sitting, with each a full goblet before him; and which would have been a less suspicious and more pleasing sight to me, had not their garments testified that they were ecclesiastics; a set of people with whom, as I well knew, I stood in no favour, and whose character I had ever been more disposed to fear than reverence;—indeed, I had too much reason to believe that I had powerful enemies amongst them.

The lord of the castle was a fat man, of obliging manners; but bore in his countenance the characteristic marks of cunning and intrigue.—He wore an elegant ecclesiastical undress, without any of the ornaments of the church dignities, but a prelate's gold cross, which denoted him to be a bishop.—I was received by him with a most friendly welcome; was invited to the table, and the most honourable place assigned me. By the cordiality and hospitality which

were shewn me by every one, I became wholly composed respecting my situation.—The gay repast, which did not end till midnight, was one of the most agreeable I ever experienced, from the wit and good humour which presided at it. A peaceful night, and gentle repose in a splendid chamber succeeded. The next morning I received the most friendly salutation from my hospitable host, and a pressing solicitation to be his guest that day.—I staid, because I was obliged to stay; for, amid the repeated entreaties that I would make my visits frequent, I was now convinced that I could not quit the place, and that, at my first entrance into the castle, when my fears were not ill-grounded, I had lost my liberty.—

In vain did I form conjectures concerning my present situation; nor could I comprehend the immediate object of detaining me. At length, however, but by slow degrees, the design began to disclose itself. I discovered that they knew me, and all the methods that art and cunning, and sometimes authority, could suggest, were used to make me discover things

which they supposed I knew, and which had I not even been bound by a solemn oath, I would not have divulged to their interrogatories.

I must be brief, for it is not possible to describe the particular temptations employed to seduce me. It is sufficient to say, that they attacked me with those weapons which were most likely to destroy me.—By love and ambition they sought to effect my ruin. With respect to the first, they did not exactly know me; as my heart was alone devoted to the lovely Countess of Toulouse.—The seducing enchantress whom they employed to tempt me to break my oath, failed in all her aims.—This, however, they soon discovered; and Alice of Toulouse was at length promised to be the price of my seduction.—They first informed me (and the information almost bereft me of my senses), that Alice was unattainable by me; and that she was already affianced to the Prince of Castile.—They then, with their usual art, would raise me from the depth of despair, by promising that, in spite of this engagement, I should obtain her, and that no human power should take her from me, if I would submit to what they required of me.—

The temptation was great; and it may be asked, if I was victorious? When I could vanquish this, it required no struggle to resist all allurements which they could possibly hold out to my ambition. They, however, presented to my imagination the highest rank in the German empire, or the first dignity at the court of Rome; and, on the other hand, the loss of all my lands and property, imprisonment, and an ignominious death. I laughed alike at all their promises and threats: I still remained firm to my oath, and faithful to the inscrutable secrecy of the grand alliance.

My situation daily grew worse; I shut my eyes, however, on the dangers that surrounded me,—or rather, I despised them, for they could only take my life,—and was that worth a wish, when Alice was lost for ever to me? Had death then struck me with his shafts, I should have died innocent, and happier than I shall hereafter quit this world, stained as I am with the guilt of blood.—Oh that it had pleased Heaven to have taken me then to itself—I should have sunk guiltless into a long night of death.—Nay, it would now perhaps have been already passed

away ; and I should have awakened to a better life, blessed with the eternal presence of my beloved Alice.

But I was not to die ;—the hand of love, the hand even of rejected love delivered me.—One of those beautiful enchantresses whose office it was to have allured my secrets from me, possessed more noble sentiments than her sisterhood, and she found the way to bribe the fidelity of the jailer.—The bars were taken off the doors, which were left open for her :—she came to me at midnight,—and staid but to conduct me where liberty and the means of flight awaited me.

“ Fly with me, generous maid,” cried I, “ save yourself from the shameful services of this castle ; you well deserve to be delivered from the snares which surround you.”——“ No,” replied she, “ never will I become an attendant of the beloved Alice, or consent to be confined within the walls of a convent.” As she spoke, she flew from me, and rejected the grateful sentiment I was offering her for my liberty.

I had got but a few miles from the castle,

when I perceived that my persecutors were in pursuit of me. The night, however, came to my aid ; but the morning discovered me to my oppressors, while I lay behind a thicket, which I had sought to conceal me : they instantly seized on me, as if I had been a convicted criminal : they loaded me with chains, and dragged me along, without paying the least attention to my application for justice and humanity.—But they took a road that proved most fortunate for me : it was a narrow unfrequented path through fields and woods, which they chose in order to be the more secure of their prey ; as they did not know but that I might have some adherents or protectors in that country.—Alas ! I did not expect to meet with any assistance ; but Heaven sent me a deliverer ; of whom I could have no hopes, as he was a perfect stranger to me.—

We had not proceeded far in this narrow road, when we met a travelling carriage, conducted by a person on horseback, well armed and appointed : an old venerable man was within it, and seemed wholly occupied in devotion. It was not possible to avoid him in such a road, and my guards seemed to think it of little con-

sequence, as he did not appear to be a person whom they could have any reason to fear.—At the sight of this respectable man, I was inspired with a degree of hope, and I soon formed a resolution, which I executed with success.

Our little troop was obliged to stop in order to let the traveller pass. I was so near him that the wheel of his carriage touched my garment; and, as he raised his eyes towards me, I could discover the rays of compassion in them.—

“O deliver me, deliver me, good sir!”—cried I, “deliver, I beseech you, an unfortunate man, “who innocently wears these chains!”

“Who are you, my son?” returned the old man, and as he spoke commanded the carriage to stop, that he might have a nearer view of me.

“Sir,” answered he who was chief of the band that conducted me, “I hope you will give no ear to the lies of a wicked man, whom we are now conducting to his long merited punishment.”

“You are not the one to whom I addressed myself,” replied the old man, with a commanding look, “I desire the young man may answer me; he does not wear the appearance of an

offender.—Once more, my son, I ask of you your name and character?"

"Sir," exclaimed my conductor, "you would do well to give yourself no trouble about the prisoner, as he belongs to the Bishop of —, who has just pretensions to him."

"The Bishop of —," replied the traveller, "if this be so, the affair is subject to my jurisdiction.—I am the Archbishop of Mayence, and desire an explanation on the spot, either from you or him."

The name of the Archbishop of Mayence, who had but lately returned from Palestine, spread a deathlike terror amongst the whole party; but the chief of them, after a short pause, continued the discourse.

"Gracious Sir," said he, "if you wish to discover the true cause of this man's imprisonment, it will be better that you should be informed by us of his crime, and not by the perpetrator of it."—

"What crime am I accused of?"—cried I, disengaging myself at the same time from those who held me, "declare it if you can, before this saint, whom Heaven has sent for my deliverance."

"How," said my adversary, "can you deny, reprobate as you are, that you attempted to carry off a young lady last night from my lord's castle?"

"That's an idle story," said the Archbishop, with a contemptuous smile; "such an event could not now have happened in the castle of a bishop,—as the principal prelates of Europe are now transacting things of the first importance; and I am come from offering my tribute of devotion at the holy tomb, to assist their counsels."—

"I only request," said my accuser, "that the man should declare whether what I have advanced be true or false."

"Speak then, my son," continued the venerable prelate: "this examination in the open fields, may have an unusual appearance; but he to whom the power is given of administering justice, ought to exercise it when and where the occasion presents itself.—Besides, I have read in our holy books, that sovereignty should not carry the sceptre in vain, and be ever prepared to decide with justice."

When I first heard myself accused of an intention to escape with my fair deliverer, I had

determined to deny it; but as there were circumstances on which to ground the accusation, and might be brought in evidence against me by some of the band, I thought it best to relate all the circumstances of my arrival at the castle, my abode in it, and escape from it;—and I did it in such a manner as to interest the Archbishop entirely in my favour.

“ This history bears every appearance of truth,” said he, shaking his head, “ I will have a stricter examination into the whole of this extraordinary business.—There is so much mystery in the manner of ensnaring this knight into the castle, and holding him as a prisoner there,—that I shall myself engage in a very strict inquiry concerning it. Release the young man:—I will take him with me to Mayence, and you may tell your lord, that if he will come there to me, he shall have all the justice to which he can make an honourable claim.”

I was now at liberty, and under the protection of a saint, who dismissed my enemies from his presence confounded and abashed.—I was ordered to seat myself by the Archbishop's servant; but, in my astonishment at the sudden change

of my fortune, I did not understand what had been said to me ; and from a sense of my true quality and name, I involuntarily forced myself into the carriage with the Archbishop, and placed myself in the vacant seat by him.—He did not attempt to prevent me, and appeared for some time to please himself with looking at me ; while I internally rejoiced at my deliverance, and full of resentment against my persecutors, sat down by him, and forgot to make those acknowledgements which were so pre-eminently due to him.

“ I think, young man,” said he, after a short pause, “ you seem to know the place which should belong to you.—Come, once more I desire you to place a confidence in me, and let me know the circumstances of your life.”

My heart was full, and this encouragement to unburden it, seemed to proceed as from a tender father.—I complied, and gave such circumstantial answers, as my oath and conscience would permit.—The Archbishop saw that I sometimes changed colour, and hesitated ; he therefore most kindly spared me, by not pressing me to continue my narration.

"It is well, Count," said he, "I now know who you are, I also know your persecutors, and am convinced of your innocence.—They thus conspire against you on account of those secrets which they cannot force you to reveal.—I do not so particularly desire to know all those things which are the objects of their inquiry.—Hereafter, perhaps, you will feel the necessity of discovering them to me, and of seeking consolation and advice from those who are qualified to give you both." The period to which this venerable worthy man alluded, this Archbishop Conrad of Mayence, whose memory I shall eternally revere, soon arrived.

I accompanied him to his court.—His unfeigned piety, and the interest he took in every thing that concerned me, entirely gained my heart. I who, till now, could never place confidence in any ecclesiastic, and was thereby deprived of much consolation, disclosed my whole soul to this saint; and I shall never repent of the confidence I reposed in him. He cautioned me in the voice of wisdom, and with the zeal of friendship, against the dangers that surrounded me—and had I paid that attention to

them which they so well deserved, it would have been happy for me.—But could I shake off my alliance with the formidable tribunal, and subdue my love for the adorable Alice?—was it possible for me to tear my honour and my heart from objects in which they were both so deeply engaged?—But how could such a saint as Conrad be sensible of the difficulty of disdaining terrestrial allurements, and of unloosing the chains of love and ambition?

From Mayence I pursued my journey to Toulouse, without encountering any disagreeable adventure on my way. As my enemies feared my protector the Archbishop, or had lost my route, they appeared to have dropped their evil designs against me.

My heart burned with an insurmountable passion for the charming Alice.—Although I was sensible she did not live for me,—every thing combined to strengthen the impression her picture had made on me. I now arrived in the country, where the inhabitants were making preparations to do honour to the happy bridegroom as he travelled through it.—Here she had passed some years of her life, and had

gained all hearts.—The affection which every body entertained for her, was not for her rank and station, it was the tribute of affection for her virtues, which approached to adoration.—I was conducted to the chapel of a neighbouring convent, where she had been first formed under the tuition of the religious ladies who were its inhabitants.

Among other memorable acts of benevolence and piety, it was related to me, that a fire happening to break out in this convent at midnight, her humane spirit saved one of the lay sisters, who was sick, and had been forgotten in her cell.—The young heroine snatched her from the flames, and then returned to the church to render the same pious service to the image of our Blessed Virgin, for whom her devout soul had a superior veneration.—But she arrived too late; it was already in flames, and the living saint had nearly found her own death, in a pious endeavour to extinguish them.—Half smothered with the smoke, she was found on the steps of the altar, and she had already formed the resolution of resigning the sacrifice of herself, to prove the ardour of her piety.

“Do you know the Princess Alice?” said the person who had undertaken to explain the representation of the new altar to me?—but if you have never seen her, behold,” said he, pointing to the altar,—“her attracting form, and the perfect resemblance of her beautiful countenance. The holy lady cannot be offended that she is represented by such a celestial beauty, as the lady Alice.” What, think you, were the feelings, and the emotions of my heart when I saw Alice portrayed in the sacred place, with the divine glory beaming around her, and heard the actions of an angel related of her?—can it excite a moment’s wonder, that I quitted the company of my conductor to throw myself at the foot of the altar, there to offer up my prayers, which I fondly imputed to my zeal for the Blessed Virgin; but who in reality was not so much the object of my adoration as her beautiful representative.—I arose from the place, that may with justice be called the tomb of my reason, the want of which afterwards rendered me a melancholy spectacle to the world.

Thus intoxicated with my fruitless passion, I continued to journey on; but I heard of

nothing but the charms and virtues of the adorable Alice.—Into an hospital which she founded by the sale of her jewels, I demanded admission ; and when I was refused, from my robust appearance, I left all I had there, and entered Toulouse a wretch and a beggar.

The Castilian bride, (gracious Heaven,—how did I tremble when I heard her every where called by this name ?) after she quitted the convent, she had for a short time resided at her brother's court, and was then gone to meet her destiny.—My situation prevented me from immediately presenting myself to her brother, though I ardently longed to see any one to whom she was allied, or with whom she was connected.—I should most certainly have become a prey to want, had I not previously made the necessary provisions for my residence at Toulouse.

Before I entered on my journey, I had wisely reflected on the many accidents that might deprive a pilgrim of the means of subsistence.—One of my oldest and most faithful servants, named Roger Alden, had received orders to precede me with large sums of money,

and to wait my arrival at Toulouse.—This honest man was become so uneasy at my absence, that he let no traveller pass without making inquiries concerning me, describing my person, and telling my borrowed name; so that he soon found me, and no small occasion had I for his services. I was now, in a short time, qualified to present myself at court, and, in the brother of the beloved Alice, to become acquainted with a man who was worthy, and what more can I say, of such a sister. In a few days we conceived a mutual friendship; he was the most amiable prince I had ever seen, and I transferred so much of my affection from the sister to the brother, and took such pains to please and render myself agreeable to him, that we could not fail of entertaining an affection for each other.

The Count was the avowed protector of a certain sect which then began to appear; and as soon as he thought me worthy of his confidence, he frequently conversed about their doctrines; which I, from my partiality for him, approved and commended:—but whether they were founded in truth or error, the situation of my mind was

such, at that time, as rendered me incapable of forming a right judgment of them.—I assented, as the brother of my adored Alice approved them: and as I understood that she, who once risked her life to preserve an image of the Virgin from the flames, was now an adherent of those doctrines which opposed the worship of images,—I became so entirely convinced of their being founded in truth, that I would have died a martyr to them.

The Count of Toulouse loved me exceedingly, and I have reason to think, had he known me before the treaty of marriage with Castile had been concluded, that I might, without fear of a refusal, have demanded his sister's hand.—But to have given the most distant hint of my passion for her, would now have been the extreme of folly; and I was still sufficiently master of myself not to betray it.

The good advice of the Archbishop of Mayence was quite forgotten, notwithstanding he so often repeated it in his subsequent letters.—I too well knew that Alice could not be mine; and nevertheless I continued to cherish the passion that led me by degrees to the abyss of

destruction.—I had as yet never beheld Alice but in her picture, and known her only in the universal description of her. I wished for a personal acquaintance with that lovely woman, without considering that it would aggravate my misery. I received therefore with pleasure certain commissions and letters from the Count to his sister at Pamiers, where she had for some time resided.—It was a special charge, that required the utmost precaution. I was also to deliver to the Princess certain books, full of interdicted opinions, which could not be trusted to an inferior messenger, and were to be secreted with the greatest care from the superstitious Castilians.—But this part of my commission entirely escaped my memory ; so completely were my thoughts engrossed by the hope of seeing Alice, speaking with her, and, perhaps, receiving some kind words from her lips.

My old and faithful servant Roger, who, in my present situation, acted the part of a friend and counsellor, did not approve of any of my wandering excursions so much as of that to Pamiers. To be informed respecting the proceedings of the assembly which was now held

in that town, was the principal cause of quitting my country ; or rather, it should have been so, after the orders of my chief to that effect, which I received by Kalatin.—But in the tumult and agitations of my mind, this special charge was forgotten.—I went to Pamiers merely for the sake of the lovely Alice ; though I had very peculiar occupations in that place ; and Roger, who was only an inferior officer of the secret tribunal, found it necessary to remind me of them, though I was one of its judges and assessors.

At that time I received several letters from the Count Otho Von Wittelsbach, to which I paid no particular attention ; so much were my heart and senses possessed by another object.—In these letters he invited me to go to the Imperial court, and expressed his earnest wishes that I should form an acquaintance there with the Bishop of Sutri.—But my acquaintance with bishops had already been of a nature to make me very averse indeed to renew or increase it.

I also received a letter from Evert Von Remen, which was forwarded to me by Wittelsbach ; but it was thrown aside and disregarded,

nor did I break the seal that inclosed it. The unfavourable opinions with which Kalatin had inspired me against the friend of my youth, were not yet extinguished; and I was then too much occupied with other things to desire any particular justification of him, and even to think of his neglected epistles.—All my thoughts,—all my wishes were turned towards Pamiers, and I arrived there intoxicated with mad and senseless hopes of unattainable happiness.—Without the least precaution or preparation, which were both so necessary, I procured an audience of the Castilian bride; and, without the most distant expectation of such an improbable event, I was presented to her by my sister. This excellent and affectionate girl, whom I had cruelly forced from her native country, remained so faithful to all my wishes, that she never enjoyed the respite of a moment till she had found the beloved of my heart, and obtained a place in her service.—Alverda, it must be confessed, felt the absolute impossibility that I should acquire the love of one who was already engaged to another. She therefore advised and warned me, in the most affecting manner,

to avoid the destruction that awaited a nearer contemplation of beauty, which had thus at a distance, and unseen, so bewildered my understanding, and changed my nature.

But I was deaf to all her entreaties,—my cruel fate impelled me on.—I at length saw Alice,—the divine Alice, and I beheld her the intended bride of another!—The sight of her almost deprived me of the small portion of reason that was left me. I can scarce remember the particular circumstances of this extraordinary audience, which completed my misfortunes.—I only recollect that when I first beheld the divine Alice, I was ready to sink down before her. My sister Alverda, who was at her side, was just going to throw herself into my arms; when a look from me forbade her to call me brother.—Why I wished to avoid this discovery, I cannot tell; as the title of brother to the first lady of the Princess might have procured me a more frequent sight of this forbidden object of my idolatry. But all my conduct was incoherent and contradictory, and how should I give an account of it to others, when it is unintelligible to myself.

My commissions from the Count of Toulouse were executed without any order or reflection.—Ah! I tremble when I think that the follies I then committed, were perhaps the signal given for the ruin of that angelic woman, for whom I would have died a thousand deaths.—This reflection fills me with horror, and curdles my blood as I describe it on the paper before me.—Oh that it could be eternally blotted from my memory!—I sought a second time to be presented, and was refused:—the third and fourth visits were equally unfortunate.—When I asked to be admitted to the Countess of Toulouse, I was informed that that Princess wholly belonged to the Count of Castile, and that even her brother had no further right to communicate with her. I now found that it was impossible to obtain a sight of Alice; but in her attendance at the altar, or on the public walks, and from thence I was driven by the severe and gloomy countenances of the ladies her companions.—Even Alverda seemed to have conspired against my happiness:—but I was mistaken; for one day on the walk she expressed herself kindly to me, and slipped a letter

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into my hand full of excellent counsel and kind remonstrance.—By means of an hollow tree a correspondence was carried on between us, which brought me great relief, as it afforded me an opportunity of giving vent to my sorrows. But I did not foresee the danger that was lurking, from my conduct, both to the adorable Alice and myself.

Whilst I was thus occupied in the indulgence of my vain imaginations, I forgot those things which my reason would have told me that I ought to have remembered.—I was informed by my faithful servant, that we waited here in vain for the arrival of the Duke Bernard of Saxony, who was confined by sickness, and whose place was filled by my former enemy the Duke of ——. Of this event I was too soon informed by a letter, which he officially wrote to me in a menacing tone, and was addressed to me in the name which I had assumed.—He accused me not only of being at Pamiers, but of passing under a fictitious character ; both of which I conceived myself authorized to do by the order of my chief. I was amazed at these reprehensions of my conduct ; but when I

suffered my reason to operate, my suspicions fell on Kalatin; who, I was now convinced, had deceived me by a forged summons.—I nevertheless returned an haughty answer to the Duke, wherein I told him that I was not at all inclined to bear such insults from him, or from any one, whoever he might be.—But this indulgence of my resentment gratified me only for a moment,—and the insult which had been offered me continued to harass and afflict my soul.

I had just received intelligence from the Imperial court that my friend, my instructor, my spiritual father, the excellent Archbishop of Mayence, from whom I had recently had a letter full of kind and friendly counsel, had died suddenly. The Duke of ——'s letter also mentioned his death, with the shocking addition of his having been poisoned by the Emperor Philip.—One of Wittelsbach's half read, unheeded letters this day fell into my hands, and alas! it contained the same afflicting intelligence. It is impossible to conceive the horror and indignation I felt on the occasion; and every faculty of my soul was now absorbed in revenge. My faithful servant, not being able to curb it, instantly

set about inquiring into the truth of an affair, which I, with a credulity bordering on madness, considered as certain, and by the belief of it fed my wild imagination.

In this situation of my mind I had recourse to a person of the name of Sutrinio, with whom, during my residence at Pamiers, I had formed a very intimate connection, and who, by a thousand artifices, was become my confidential friend.—Roger, who hated him, and was mortified whenever he saw him with me, took every opportunity to persuade me that he was a creature of a certain bishop of Sutri, whom Wittelsbach often mentioned in his letters to me ; and who, from various circumstances, was known to us as a very dangerous man ; though Wittelsbach had formed a different and more favourable opinion of him.

Notwithstanding the continual remonstrances which were urged by my faithful servant and friend, Sutrinio passed with me the evening of the day in which I received this melancholy and afflicting information.—I unfolded to him all the grief of my heart—told him that the Archbishop of Mayence had been poisoned ;—named the

perpetrator of the horrid deed ; and declared the bitter revenge which I meditated against him.

—The crime of which I accused the Emperor Philip instantly became the subject of Sutrino's inexhaustible and malicious eloquence. He related many dreadful and very improbable things of the chief of the German empire, in order to strengthen me in my suspicions, and completed his discourse on the subject by representing the character of that sovereign in such an odious and horrid light, as to work me up to the highest pitch of rage and revenge.

“ The Emperor Philip,” said he, “ thinks of nothing but the aggrandizement of his own house, and the oppression of others.—The various insults the holy church has received from him, is not our present business :—but the great injury he has done you by the murder of the Archbishop of Mayence, falls solely on him. In what deep cavern of the earth does revenge sleep, that it comes not this way to prevent his outstretched arms from seizing Alice, that angel of Heaven, to drag her from her throne, that he may place his children there?—Know then, that Philip envies every one their greatness ;—

that he envies the innocent Countess of Toulouse the Castilian throne, and wishes to place one of his own daughters on it.—Wait a little, and you will see Alice expelled from it:—you will see that adorable woman in her grave, when the Princess Eliza will take her place.”

“Expelled!” cried I, in an agony of rage,—“see Alice expelled, or in her grave!—expelled!—that were well: but in her grave!—deadly horror and fierce alarm are in that thought!—Speak, speak, Sutrimo! tell me, oh tell me what inspires you with that fatal prediction?—Expelled, let her be,—but she must not die!”

“The one is as probable as the other.—Philip is not accustomed to hesitate in employing any means to effect his purpose.—But he is in Germany, is he not, while Alice is in France?”

“Alas, the arms of princes extend far and near; and the blow which they give at a distance is more sure, because it is least expected.—Believe me, Alf Von Deulmen, each succeeding day may bring us the melancholy tidings of the death of the Castilian bride.”

“And is there no one to save the menaced

Princess?—speak, Sutrino, what can be done? what can I do? I will risk my life with pleasure to preserve hers.”

“ It would, indeed, be a rash and perilous undertaking; and who is there that has the courage to attempt it?”

“ That will I; and let danger assume its most horrid form, I will meet it with delight, so that I could give liberty and life to the adorable Alice.—I would then conduct her to the arms of her brother, and my recompence!—Oh I will leave you to guess what my recompence would be—Oh Sutrino, Sutrino, you are the creator of my happiness!”

Sutrino made some weak and artful efforts to oppose my extraordinary projects: but my resolution was taken, and I was unalterably determined to execute it. Twice I attempted to carry off the Princess, and as often failed, as I imagine, through the vigilance of Alverda—Cruel vigilance! Alas, that ill-fated girl seemed to make it the duty of her life to oppose all the projects of her unfortunate brother. But I no longer feel any resentment against her.—Alas! I am no more the same

Alf Von Deulmen! my passions are at rest; and my judgment is in full possession of itself. Reason now tells me, that Alverda acted as became her when she laboured to oppose my rash designs.—Oh that the result had been according to her wishes, both for the devoted Alice, and her yet more unhappy brother!

My being given up to the custody of the Bishop of Castile, on the failure of my last attempt to seize the Princess, was no more expected by Alverda, than her own separation from her angelic mistress.—The same day that I was taken to prison, she received her dismissal; our secret correspondence having been discovered, and the poor Alice was left exposed to the assaults of her cruel enemies, without a friend to protect her.

Is it not incomprehensible that such an angel should have enemies?—future events proved that those of the unhappy Alice were very numerous.—I was therefore once again the prisoner of a bishop; and the attempt to carry off a royal bride, sufficiently justified all the severity which my persecutors employed against me.—They took care to bind me to silence, by an oath, on all the

scenes of which they supposed I had been a witness, and which are no less sacred than those of the secret tribunal.

The designs which they had formed concerning me were still the same.—By their superior cunning they had brought the Duke of — to explain himself to the Count Segni concerning certain mysteries.—They had also drawn from the artless unsuspecting Otho Von Wittelsbach some of our secrets; Peter Von Kalatin, probably, they knew how to work up to their purpose, and they now sought to force the rest from me.—Those crimes, to which they with infernal art seduced me, involved me in that of death;—but they flattered me with a respite, if I would comply with their wishes.—My understanding had been impaired by unfortunate passion, and I was misled by it to act the traitor. These artful men flattered themselves with the hope that I would repeat things in my unguarded moments, which at another time, on mature reflection, I should shudder to mention.—They considered my mind as a cabinet containing a treasure, which they might rifle at pleasure while I was asleep;—but my senses alone slumbered, and they soon awoke.—Alf

Von Deulmen, either through more firmness or obstinacy than the others, remained dumb, and his silence increased his torments.—They wished to overthrow the empire of the secret tribunal, and the representative of the supreme judge, and on its ruins to build another, which would not be governed by the principles of justice.—The manner by which we punished and suppressed crimes and criminals, they wished to employ in order to chain the opinions of mankind, and to make any deviation from their faith punishable with death.—Their desire was to learn from us the way to supreme knowledge and infallibility; but suffice it to say, they failed in all their attempts on me.—Whether they have succeeded in their great design, I know not; but Alf Von Deulmen is innocent of any system of injustice and oppression which they may have established.

My senses, which had been almost annihilated by the tumult of passions, began to revive, from the very cruelty which was designed to suppress them for ever.—I awoke as from a frightful dream; when I felt the necessity of recovering my spirits and resolution; and I did recover them;—and maintained myself against

the arts of mine enemies.—Thus I drew the full force of their rage upon me, and it was determined by them that I should die;—but without knowing the power that was to give me the fatal blow.

From the tower in which I was confined there was a small passage that led to another, which was called the Tower of Liberty, as the prisoners who happened to be confined in it were more kindly treated than in that where I suffered imprisonment.—I was informed that, at the request of the Princess Alice, the door of this tower should be opened for me; and that the change in my situation, which I should now experience, must be attributed to her solicitations for me:—I was, in short, to find a passage, which no one ever passed a second time.—I did not suspect the fatal snare which had been laid for me; and the hope of liberty, a present, as I thought, from the hands of Alice, intoxicated me; and I should immediately have rushed to the fatal precipice of revenge and death, if a very singular accident had not preserved me.

I had a dog of an extraordinary size, which

the Duke of Brunswick brought from England, and gave to the Duke of Saxony, from whom I received it. This faithful animal, whose attendance was so necessary on so dangerous and solitary a journey, and who would seize any thing with the fierceness of a lion that offered to attack or touch me, I found at Pamiers with my faithful servant, who by my orders had taken him thither.—On the day of my imprisonment this animal was removed from me, that I might be confined with the greater security.—I had never seen him all the time I was in prison; but that morning, the man who came to me with the intelligence of my removal to a more comfortable situation, brought the dog with him.—But I no more suspected that, under this appearance of kindness, a snare was laid for me, than my enemies did that they had sent me the means of my escape.

The jailer gave a scornful smile at the joy I expressed at seeing my dog.—“You may keep him with you, and take him to the new apartment that you will shortly possess; and a door will be opened, through which you will find a passage to it.”—Nor had this man left me many

minutes, when a side door of my prison flew open, and presented to my view a long narrow passage to a spacious room, where the windows, which were lofty, unlatticed, and open, gave a prospect of the country ;—a delightful sight for one who had so long been debarred the benefit of sun or air.—I clasped my hands, and, with uplifted eyes, addressed Heaven with grateful acknowledgements for what I thought the forerunner of my liberty.

My dog, who lay at my feet shivering from the damp vapours of my prison, suddenly arose, and eagerly snuffed up the fresh air: he then went to the door that was open, and ran to the room beyond it; but he had scarce made the first spring in the gallery, when the door, through which I was also about to pass, shut between him and me; and, instantly, there was above and below an horrid noise, as if twenty wheels were creaking in the passage; and I could but faintly distinguish the agonizing cries of my poor dog.—I knew not what to think at this moment; but I soon began to entertain suspicions of the most alarming nature.

I had in my infancy often heard the story of

the unfortunate Margrave Egbert of Saxony, who in the year 1090, by the savage wickedness of a woman, fell into a sword mill at Eisenbattle, a machine invented by imps of hell; where, by the slightest touch of a secret spring, military arms, and other instruments of death, springing from the ground, and darting from the wall, cut to pieces in an instant any one who was so unfortunate as to be in the horrid chamber where such diabolic engines were placed. Though this idea prevailed, my thoughts were too confused and alarmed for me to be accurate in the relation of them; but I nevertheless well recollect, that I called my poor dog, and endeavoured to open the door that had shut against him with a mechanical motion, but in vain. At length, the execrable rattling of the wheels ceased: the cry of the poor animal, who was become a prey for me, I heard no more. I again repeated my efforts, and at last burst open the door; when I found all my suspicions justified.—In the middle of the gallery, which no longer offered the decoying prospect, I could just discover the body of my poor dog lying convulsed, and bleeding from a thousand

wounds.—It may be believed that my curiosity was not awakened to further inquiry, when I did not know how long the diabolical machine might repose from its bloody office.—I therefore shut the door, covered my face with both my hands, and resigned myself to affliction and horror.

Many hours, I believe, had passed away before I perfectly recovered from my astonishment.—I found myself seated on the ground, and at length I opened my eyes, which till now I had kept shut. I breathed freer, and began to reflect with gratitude on my escape,—if escape it could be called, when I was still in the hands of my executioner; from whose sword, if I was delivered at one time, had a thousand other means to torment and destroy me!

My next thoughts, as may be supposed, turned on Alice;—"How," cried I, "can this infernal blow come from thee, thou heavenly saint?—must all that I have this day experienced be ascribed to thee?—Never will I suffer my heart to be contaminated by such a thought!—Alas! how had I sinned against thee? that I loved thee is most true; but that you never knew: and

Alverda assured me in all her letters that you never should know it.—But you solicited for me? Yes, yes, I will believe thy generous soul found every sufferer worthy of its compassion!—Perhaps you did not only solicit my persecutors, but also sent your supplications to Heaven for me, and it is to your prayers that I owe my deliverance.”

My imagination became inflamed by these reflections, of which Alice was the object. I was convinced that from her supplications alone to the throne of Heaven I yet lived.—I now endeavoured to recollect, whether at my several examinations any thing had fallen from me that could in any respect have injured her. I had been frequently interrogated about her, concerning my passion for her, and her adherence to the new doctrines; but I flattered myself that I had never answered in such a manner as could have produced an ill effect to her.

While I was absorbed in these reflections, a noise from without quickly roused me.—I heard the jailer’s keys jingling at the outward gallery, and I was soon convinced that somebody was

with him. I shudder, noble Sir, said the agent of malice to open this door, for you will have a sight the horror of which you cannot well conceive. My servant who carried breakfast to the prisoner whom you would set free, returned full of horror, and informed us of the fatal event that has happened ;—for the monster sprung with bloody rage upon him, and it was with great difficulty that he escaped from his voracious jaws.—But, said a voice like that of the Duke of ***, what madness was it to leave a dog with him, whose fury must be well known, and who it must be presumed was ill fed ;—as nothing but raging hunger could tempt him to fall on his master.—There may have been, answered the jailer, some inattentions respecting the prisoner whom you came to set free, but I am not guilty of them.—I have done every thing in my power to lessen the rigours of his situation ; and I experienced a real satisfaction when I this morning removed him to a better apartment, at the intercession of the Princess Alice.—Your friendship would have completed his wishes, and restored him to freedom ; but the decrees of Heaven are wonderful ; its

revenge must have pursued this man in a most extraordinary manner : and it will ever be a subject for reflection to me, that, in going to that part of the castle, called the Tower of Liberty, he lost his life in a manner at once so uncommon and disastrous.

The Duke made some reply, which I did not comprehend ;—but at that moment the jailer turned the key, observing at the same time that they would find me in the middle of the gallery, torn to pieces by my dog, as my mangled corpse had not yet been transported to another place. He therefore exhorted the Duke to draw his sword, in order to defend himself against the furious animal, which in all probability would attempt to seize them on opening the door. But how different was the spectacle which presented itself to them!—When the door flew open, I appeared, to their astonishment, alive and unhurt. Nor shall I deny that my intention was to snatch one of their swords, and plunge it into the heart of the hypocritic jailer : yet he was but the submissive instrument of infernal malice ; and it now rejoices me that I did not shed the corrupt blood of such a wretch. I arose, and stood

with folded arms in the middle of my prison, while they entered with an alarm of danger which did not exist. The manner in which they stared at each other, their astonishment, their confused manner of speaking when they saw me alive, it is impossible for me to describe.—I fixed my eyes on the Duke, because I was not certain whether he had a share in the abominable invention which they had contrived for my destruction. He did not, indeed, manifest any particular satisfaction on finding me alive ; nor did I see any thing in his looks or manner that gave me reason to believe he had the least intelligence of the diabolical designs which had been formed against me. He appeared to have given credit to the story which had been invented to deceive him.—But, without answering the questions he put to me on the subject of my situation and deliverance, I led him to the door of the destructive gallery, and having forced it open, I told him in a few words the history of my strange escape. He then cast a look full of suspicion at the jailer, who stood as it were thunderstruck in a corner of the room, and left it to one of his servants to release my limbs from

the chain which fettered them. I then went slowly out of the door that was open, and left the Duke to follow me.

"Count Adolf," said the Duke, as we approached the stairs, "I hope you do not suspect that I have had any share in this abominable transaction?" "Had such a suspicion been entertained by me for a moment," I replied, at the same time drawing a sword which I had seized on quitting the prison, "you should not have left this place alive." The Duke bit his lips, without making any answer; and we went together to the gate, where a carriage was waiting for us.

He now informed me, that a letter from our chief had contained an absolute order for my immediate releasement.—I was, indeed, firmly persuaded that I owed my companion at least but few thanks for his concern in it. As we proceeded onward, he told me he had without any difficulty obtained my liberty from my persecutors.—The jailer, however, was now sent for in order to give some account of this cruel business.—But he knew nothing of it;—though the fabricated tale of my having been destroyed by my dog, was not only

improbable, but would have been confuted by an examination of my wounds, had I been so unfortunate as to have fallen a prey to their vile inventions.

The report of my shocking death having been spread abroad, the town was full of it, and every one was seized with astonishment at seeing me alive.—While we were at table, the Duke, who could not conceal his malice, said to me with a contemptuous air, that I was surely very happy on finding the fair sex were so much interested for me;—as I manifestly owed my liberty to a lady, who was a stranger, and resided in the Celestine convent in this town :—it could be no other, added he, than the Princess Alice ; who, when she heard of my being released, exclaimed to her ladies, “ God be praised,—God be praised that he has escaped ! ”

The malicious man knew not how much he enchanted me, by those taunts with which he intended to mortify me. I made no reply,—and intended, though with no common impatience, to confer with my faithful servant Roger about it.—His joy at seeing me once again, and that I had escaped such imminent danger, cannot be

described ; and I found, at last, that to him principally I owed my deliverance. His first care on my being imprisoned was to inform our chief of my misfortune. But as he had heard, from more particular inquiry, into what hands I had fallen, and how pressing my danger might become, he fled to my sister to give her an account of my situation, and to consult with her about the means of obtaining some speedy assistance.—Alverda had, on the same day, been dismissed from her attendance on the Princess ; he therefore did not find her,—but urged by the sad necessity of my situation, solicited Alice to interest herself for me. This was the source of her generous concern for me, which I would rather have owed to the natural impulse of love, than to the request of a stranger, or to the cold operation of compassion.—He at last discovered Alverda's retreat ; for at court they were ignorant of it, and believed that she had quitted Pamiers.—It was, however, to her that my thanks were due for the *Te Deum* which was sung on account of my release : It was, indeed, an inconsiderate proceeding of the good girl, to testify her joy so openly, which might have been

attended with the worst consequences, and could alone be justified by the very great affection she bore me.—My pen hesitates as I write the confession, that, though I well knew her excellent heart, I afterwards considered this amiable creature to be my most bitter enemy. But I cannot account for the extravagance that predominated in all my actions.

As the happiness of pouring forth my gratitude at the feet of the divine Alice was denied me, my sister had the next pretensions to it: and I accordingly repaired to the Celestine convent, where I found her, overcome by the excess of her joy.—She had heard from Alice of my death, and the intelligence of my being alive, and at liberty, immediately succeeding, was a vicissitude too powerful for her tender heart, and delicate frame; and she would have sunk beneath it—if she had not entertained doubts, from other authority, concerning the report of my being dead. She had therefore solicited one of the members of our alliance in my behalf.—She had also written, some time before, to the Count Von Wittelsbach, and through him the Duke of Saxony exerted and

interested himself for me.—Good Heavens! how many great and noble persons were occupied about me!—should I not, alas, should I not have sunk for ever, had they not supported me?—nor can I express the pride I felt, and still feel, in the kind care and esteem of such excellent persons!—Alice, Alverda, Bernard, and Otho, loved me.—And now, oh Heavens!—to reflect, that in the whole world there exists not one by whom I am beloved!—To live unknown—to die, and not a tear be shed for me;—this—this alone is sufficient to drive me to the deepest abyss of despair! A short time I was so rich in worldly blessings, and now I have not even my faithful Roger, in whose affection and fidelity I might have found consolation. Yet I am wrong,—I have thee, kind, humane, and benevolent Ademar, in whom indeed I have comfort; and to whom I now address these pages, if thou wilt accept them, stained as they are with the sad history of my misdoings.

I cannot, indeed, tell whether I did not flatter myself too much, when I imagined that Alice felt more for me than kind compassion; at least, I never had any particular proof that

I inspired her with esteem, or that she even knew who I was. Alverda must have been well acquainted with this circumstance: but she saw my desponding situation, and with a view to console me, and at the same time to remove me from thence, flattered me with the accomplishment of all my wishes. How frequently would she feed me with the hope; and yet advise me to go to the Imperial court, where I might meet with more happiness than was in the power of Alice to confer upon me?—Her grief and anxiety at seeing me continue in the place where my enemies had sent me, excuses the inconsistency of her conduct:—she ardently pressed me to leave Pamiers, in which it is not probable she would ever have succeeded, had she not represented that Alice might suffer by my stay:—as, on account of my well known passion for her, she might be more severely and strictly confined than if I were absent. At last I suffered myself to be persuaded to depart, and only requested a short respite of some days. I was obliged to insist on this delay, as the day drew nigh on which the members of the secret tribunal had agreed to meet; a day on which,

as the Duke of ***, the woeful representative of our chief, told me business of the greatest importance was to be transacted. There was a very striking contradiction in the conduct of this man : he insisted that I should not presume to miss the sitting of the great tribunal, and at the same time informed me, that it would be necessary for me to give a very strict account of the reasons which induced me to appear there.

He did not, however, deceive me, for I was challenged as an offender at the tribunal where I was accustomed to occupy a very different situation.—My appearance there, contrary to the knowledge of my chief, and a want of taciturnity, were the principal offences of which I was accused. But with less experience than I had of the ways of our tribunal, I could have exposed the malice of my persecutors.—I was indeed victorious in the first of the infamous accusations ; for I proved that I had left my country by a summons from Kalatin, and all the blame fell upon him.—In regard to my breach of taciturnity, all the torments which I endured to maintain secrecy for them, sufficiently justified me : indeed it was refused me to

give the many additional proofs it was in my power to offer. For the Duke himself was apprehensive I should mention circumstances, which would have involved him in a charge, at least, of indiscretion and imprudence.

On my acquittal I resumed my place amongst the judges, and with amazement discovered that Kalatin had also been exculpated. I permitted all these things to go on without interruption from me, and reserved myself to speak, before the throne, when the Duke of Saxony should be seated on it, as the persons present were all suspected by me.—But the trials of this dreadful night were not yet completed: that which the artifice of my enemies had particularly devised for my destruction was yet to follow.—To me these things ever remained an indissoluble secret; and I must believe that the Duke himself had been most grossly deceived, or he would not have suffered the majesty of our sacred tribunal to have been thus insulted: he would not have voluntarily favoured those horrible accusations; nor could he have favoured the calumny that was thundered out against a crowned head, who was

innocent:—innocent indeed;—for Philip was innocent! God grant that he were not;—or how shall I be able to palliate my crimes, or purify my sinful hands from the stains of blood!

The time which was to be dedicated to our mysteries was half over; the moon was on the decline, and the dawning light announced the approach of day. The standard of criminal justice was erected, and the herald proclaimed attention and silence.—Accusers arose, and gave their testimony against Philip of Swabia, the unworthy possessor, as he was styled, of the Imperial throne.—He was called the murderer of the Archbishop Conrad, and they invoked calamity on him. This shocking accusation against Philip was not altogether new to me. The Duke of —— had already mentioned it, and even wrote to me about it; but I was now as much penetrated with horror as if it had been unknown to me. When I first heard of this strange crime, I could not conceive it possible; but I was soon deceived into a belief, by proofs which, however fallacious they might be, were satisfactory to my understanding. Poor Alf Von Deulmen, what were your feelings when

you not only reflected that your venerable friend, your reverend father, the Archbishop Conrad of Mayence was no more, but that he had been poisoned, and that his blood called aloud for revenge!—Was rage and a desire for revenge against the supposed murderer unpardonable? was that impatience to be blamed, with which you waited to hear him named who was to be charged with the sword of vengeance and justice? Judgment was pronounced against Philip; his guilt was deemed so atrocious, that he was sentenced to die without the preparation of a moment. Lots were drawn for an avenger. No common sword could be raised against a crowned offender, and one of the judges must prepare himself to be the executioner. The lot at length fell on me; and Otho Von Wittelsbach, who was absent, was given me as an assistant in this great deed of unexampled justice.

A tremor seized my whole frame, as if it were innocent blood I was about to shed.—Revenge and fury against the murderer of Conrad seemed, as it were, to die away in my heart;—methought I saw the shade of the deceased saint at my side, urging me not to draw the

sword, which according to the custom of the tribunal, was the formality that marked implicit obedience to its commands. "Why delays Count Adolf?" demanded the Duke of***, "does he refuse justice from his arm? or does he doubt of that guilt which has been proved before the throne?"—"Neither one nor the other," said I, in a surly tone; "but I protest against one of the appointed executioners; for what has Otho Von Wittelsbach done, that he must become the murderer of his father?"

"Who can answer that Philip will be the father of Otho?—Yet if it were so,—does not obedience to our justice break all bonds, and dissolve all connections?"

"I again protest against Otho's being charged with that guilt with which his conscience would hereafter reproach him."

"You will therefore take it on yourself alone. Let Philip but fall, it is equal to us from whose hands he receives his doom.—But woe be to him to whom the sword is entrusted, if Conrad's blood, which calls aloud for vengeance, be not satisfied. The third change of the moon must not find Philip among the living."

The morning now began to dawn, and its

rays must not profane the dark sittings of the bloody tribunal.* The assembly dissolved like the clouds, but the sentence remained. It was pronounced, and all opposition was vain and impracticable.

My situation is not to be described when I heard myself charged by the tribunal with the dreadful commission:—I incessantly weighed in my mind the innocence or guilt of him whom I was charged to execute. At one time my heart burned with rage against the murderer of Conrad;—and at another, my whole frame trembled with horror and grief, that my sword should be appointed to take the life of an innocent man.—One resolution, however, remained fixed in my soul; that Otho Von Wittelsbach should not have a part in this horrible transaction.—I loved him too well not to restrain his

* The writers of dark ages, to whom we are indebted for the circumstantial (and possibly improbable) account of these mysterious things, maintain that Charles the Great ordained that the night only should be privy to the transactions of the bloody jurisdiction, and that the morning dawn should never be permitted to break in upon it.

unspotted hands; and determined to engage alone in the bloody enterprise. But do we not continually sacrifice ourselves for the honour, the welfare, in a word, for the worldly happiness of a friend; how far greater the motive and the merit to do the same for his eternal felicity?

The members of the tribunal with whom I was particularly connected, in whom I could have placed the utmost confidence, and to whom I could have opened my heart, were no longer at Pamiers; the Duke of —— I would not trust; and Roger, who was present that same night as well as myself, dared not to give his opinion on those things which passed there.

My duty now compelled me to leave Pamiers. Alverda urged me to do the same; but for different reasons.—She constantly talked to me about the Imperial court, and the Princesses there, and eagerly pressed me to hasten thither:—alas! she knew not that by me she sent distress and death to her dearest friends. Count Otho also wrote and urged my speedy arrival.

To depart myself from the place where Alice resided was worse than death to me;—I made

attempts to see her once more;—yes, once more to behold that paragon of beauty;—but she was concealed from me. On the other hand, the Duke of *** thought it proper, that, before I left Pamiers, I ought to present myself to those who had persecuted and imprisoned me; to the Bishop of Castile and his council; who would have made me die the most cruel of deaths.—The forms of civility, he said, required that we should sometimes wear a friendly appearance even to our enemies; and besides, he added, it was not certain that the design of taking away my life, of which I accused them, could be laid to their charge, or to their servants.—Cursed policy; worthy of such a man as the Duke of ***. All the answer I made to his recommendation was a contemptuous silence, and without delay I departed from Pamiers.

My senses now but rarely wandered, and were in general clear enough to perceive the futility of those hopes with which the tender hearted Alverda sought to flatter me.—My head was free, but my heart suffered inexpressible anguish, when I reflected on the reasons for which alone I visited the Imperial court, to which my

friends allured me, with the fond hope of making me happy. Their ideas projected a thousand plans for me, from which they, ignorant as they were of my real situation, hoped to derive a source of happiness to me.

Otho and Alverda, in the hope of tearing me for ever from my beloved Alice, endeavoured to form an union between the Princess Beatrice and me ; a circumstance which could never take place between the daughter and the appointed murderer of her father.—When I saw this Princess, the handsomest woman, after Alice, that I had ever beheld, the lively image of mirth and innocence ;—when I saw the graceful Eliza, whose condescending gentleness filled me with the most sincere admiration ;—when I saw the noble and majestic form of Irene, the mother of these matchless sisters, whom nature imitated in forming them :—and, after these, when I saw the Emperor, whose looks and manners displayed the grandeur and magnanimity of his character, my heart sunk within me ;—I considered myself with horror, my blood curdled in my veins, at the idea of being the author of irretrievable misery to this great and royal

family. Like the first murderer, I was always wandering about, in a state of restless misery that I could scarce support. I avoided my best friends:—I flew even from the inestimable Count Otho;—he perceived my inward grief, and whenever he could see me, with manly tenderness he pressed me to open my heart to him. But all his friendly efforts were in vain, for it was not in the nature of things for me to receive consolation. I have reason to believe that I externally wore the impression of my wretched situation; I thought I read it in all eyes. The Empress seemed to discover an inward, perhaps foreboding, terror at the sight of me. Eliza, perhaps for the sake of her Wittelsbach, seemed to think me worthy of her friendship: Beatrice however loved me; but, as I learned, would ask herself in private, why she beheld the object of her affection with such apprehension and terror.—So deeply affected was I with the bloody office I had to perform, and the horror of it so continually increased, that I could not fulfil the dreadful command I received at Pamiers: I could not be the assassin of the Emperor; of him in whom I discovered so much excellence.

To free myself from the afflicting duty, I strove to prove Philip innocent, and to make the justice which condemned him suspected. At length, my faithful servant Roger and I had some conversation on this important subject. His mind entertained the same doubts which agitated mine; and he proposed to take a journey to the Duke of Saxony, to explain to him this dark and bloody business:—a thought which then appeared to me to have been inspired by Heaven.

To send a messenger to the Duke of Saxony was necessary for other reasons. Kalatin, for whom I now possessed no remains of friendship, was gone to him: he might meditate mischief against me, which the presence of Roger would probably prevent.—On my arrival at the Imperial court, Kalatin stood as a spectre, and then disappeared.—The man who once had asked Alverda's hand, but which I refused him, was now turned against me: I heard that he was gone to Saxony, and this I thought sufficient to make me careful, if possible, to counteract his intentions. It was Roger's business to oppose him, and to bring me an immediate explanation to all my doubts;—a most important object:

though, after all, it would have been better if he had remained with me, to have served as a guide to my wandering steps.—For when the honest old man, under whose eyes I had been brought up, and who, by his zeal and fidelity, was become more my friend than my servant, left me, I was seduced to commit crimes, in my moments of frenzy, which have been succeeded by a bitter, tormenting, and ceaseless remorse. In vain, alas, do I represent them as a duty imposed on me that I was compelled to discharge; in vain do I strive to believe that the Emperor Philip was yet but a murderer, and that I employed the sword which shed his blood as from the arm of offended and avenging justice.—But it is no such thing:—and my heart refuses to exculpate the horrid deed.

In the hope that, by a word from the Duke of Saxony, I should be freed from this horrible commission, I already pleased myself with future prospects: the thought that Alice was not to be Queen of Castile was never out of my mind.—Alverda had promised me to watch every thing at Pamiers, and to recall me on the slightest appearance of the marriage being

broken off, and of Alice being to be sent back to her brother.—I should then be her conductor to Toulouse;—and being arrived there, I would lend my arm to the succour of her brother against his enemies.—Victory would wait on my prowess; and then she would be the recompense of my valour.

In the midst of these flattering dreams which began to fill my heart with joy, when I was recovering from the distress which had so long tormented me, I received a letter from Sutрино at Pamiers, containing a justification of himself, in consequence of my having accused him, on the representation of Roger, of being a creature of the Bishop of Sutri; and, in order to make his innocence manifest, he gave me many cautions as to my conduct, and desired that I would mention them to Otho Von Wittelsbach; to whom he wished me also to intimate, that a design was forming to rob him of his Eliza.—He also added other matters of information, which were calculated to obtain a renewal of my confidence in him. He referred me for further instruction to the bearer of the letter, who was of the same serpent race as himself. This man

had the art to insinuate himself into my heart, and to infuse into it all its venom.—He induced me to credit the Emperor's designs on the throne of Castile ; of his dispossessing another to place his daughter on it, and did not leave me until he thought that he had completed his work.

At length I determined to have some conversation with Wittelsbach on the subject.

I had diligently avoided all conversation with this excellent man, from an apprehension of betraying the horrid secret.—A letter warned him against the Emperor and Sutri ; a more explicit declaration was promised to follow, but it came not. Very urgent business obliged the Count Palatine to go on a sudden to Poland ; and I received a letter from him containing an invitation to occupy his palace during his absence ; by which means I should be near to guard his Eliza, from whom he was now obliged to suffer a temporary separation. What a commission for him whom fate had destined to plant so deep a wound in the heart of this noble Princess ! I, however, accepted his offer, for I could not do otherwise ; and entered his palace,

to behold from it the most melancholy scene of my life.

On the day of my taking possession of it, as I was standing in the balcony, which was in the front of the building, and commanded a view of the Princesses' palace, I saw a carriage arrive conducted only by one servant: he opened the door, and a lady descended from it. The circumstance very much surprised me, as she bore, to my imagination, the exact resemblance of my sister.—I immediately ordered people to inquire concerning her; and they confirmed me in my opinion.—The lady called herself Alverda, and was just arrived from Pamiers with news of consequence to the Imperial court. For the Imperial court? said I to myself,—why not to her brother?—what she may have to communicate can relate to no one but the beloved Alice. Good God! if the attainment of my wishes should be so near! if she should be come to demand my aid for the expelled Countess of Toulouse!—But why should Alverda herself come; how could she leave her friend alone in a situation which, in every respect, must be so precarious? there must be something more in

this business than I can conjecture.—Some base designs, perhaps, have been formed against Alice, and the regular application for my assistance was too tedious.—The two friends may have been obliged to depend on each other for help, they may have both flown, and Alice has sent Alverda forward to ask an asylum at Philip's court ;—and should he grant it, there will be a new and more powerful motive than all the rest to attach me to him whom I am bound to destroy.—No, Philip ;—and I swear to thee in the face of Heaven,—grant but thy protection to the object of my love, against her enemies, and nothing shall tempt me to lift up my hand against thee.—No, were you guilty of all the crimes of which you are accused, and were the Duke Bernard himself to present the sword to me, and order me to see justice fulfilled against thee—it should drop bloodless from my hand.

I waited all day,—all the evening I waited in vain ; no intelligence came from my sister. I watched the street where according to my idea Alice must pass ;—but no one appeared :—I saw Alverda standing at a window of the palace, and weeping bitterly. My blood was congealed at

the sight.—I had scarce power to order the newly arrived lady to be informed that her brother resided in the adjacent palace, and wished much to see and speak to her. An answer was immediately returned, that the lady found herself exceedingly ill, and could neither see nor speak to either brother or friend. Good Heavens, what an answer! either falsely delivered, or misunderstood, or given confusedly, which, in poor Alverda's melancholy condition, could not be wondered at, and might be excused. I was almost beside myself, and in such a state of perturbation that I with difficulty crept to the window, on hearing a rumbling noise in the street, as the hope of Alice's arrival yet occupied my imagination. I now perceived two magnificent equipages move along towards the palace. I recollected in them the fatal countenances of the Bishop of Castile and the Count Castelmoro.—What is that? called I to my domestics,—at the same time cold sweats trickled down my face.—It is the Castilian ambassadors, replied one of my people, who stood behind me: they have been expected for some days; but they

stopped for a short time at an adjacent castle, and from thence sent to demand an audience, which was immediately granted.—I was just going to ask a question which would have been difficult to answer, but was prevented in that, and all further inquiries, by the entrance of a person to inform me of the arrival of a messenger on horseback, who desired to speak with me: it being added, that he came from Sutрино with the embassy from Pamiers, he obtained instant admittance; when I snatched a letter out of his hand, broke it hastily open, and read—

Sutрино to Alf Von Deulmen.

“ Alice is dead, and the father of the future Queen of Castile, the Princess Elizabeth, is her murderer.—Oh the horrid and barbarous poisoner of the holy Conrad, and this angel! Alf Von Deulmen! where sleeps revenge?—Can you be so calm towards him who first snatched your venerable friend from you, and has now torn from your arms the object of your most tender affections?—my hand is almost frozen to

my pen, but I trust that yours will not be frozen to the sword.—I refer you to the bearer for a more particular account of this shocking catastrophe.—Conceal yourself from all those whom you think your friends; conceal yourself from your sister, who is not entirely free from guilt, respecting the untimely fate of her unfortunate friend.—Trust that man alone whom I now send: he will explain all these terrible mysteries.”

When I received this explanation, it threw me into the wildest despair.—Spare me a repetition of it, that my understanding may not again be wrecked.—Alice was dead—dead by poison!—After the account that was given me, it was not easy to mistake the hand which removed her to make a place for the Princess Eliza on her appointed throne.

The arrival of the Castilian embassy confirmed Philip's guilt, and from this moment I considered him as a criminal condemned to death; and who was to fall by my hand.—I fancied he stood before me, and drew my sword to revenge the blood of the dear, unfortunate Alice,—when my hand sunk down as I made

the fruitless blow, and I dropped entirely senseless. What passed from that moment to the most dreadful period of my life appeared to me as a dream:—transports of rage, and a death-like stupor alternately seized me. Alverda's name I frequently heard repeated; and it acted as a charm to give a short illumination to the powers of my remembrance.

“What does she want with me?” said I, grinding my teeth with fury.

“Honoured Sir, she wishes to see you, to take care of you in your sickness, notwithstanding she herself is very ill.”

“Away with the murderess!” cried I, “she has delivered Alice into the hands of Philip either through malice or negligence.” A dreadful raging fit ensued; I talked in such a manner against Philip that it was thought to be improper for strangers to hear me; and no one was permitted to enter my chamber.

My natural strength, which was augmented in a twofold degree by my disorder, made it necessary for my people to bind me, as I was perfectly ungovernable, and would yield to nothing but superior force. A thousand means

were employed to soothe me.—In my calmer moments I often repeated the Duke Bernard's name, and cried like a child at the long absence of my friend Otho, and my faithful servant Roger :—they told me that the former was expected in a few days on his return from Poland, and that the latter was confined to his bed a few miles from town in consequence of a fall from his horse.—These symptoms served to convince them of the continuation of my malady.—They gave me a letter from the Duke Bernard ; it brought to my mind that of Sutрино, and instead of reading it, I tore it into a thousand pieces.

Rage and grief alternately possessed me, till at last the latter conquered.—They then treated me with more gentleness :—I was unbound, and not so closely watched, but that they occasionally left me alone : though they took care to secret both my arms and apparel.—Alverda was no more mentioned to me ; but my aversion for her remained unalterable.—I ordered her to be told that I would not see her, and by that message proved how little hope there was of the recovery of my senses.—She sent me a letter, with a request that I would open and read it, and then dis-

pose of it as I thought proper : I threw it aside with disgust, and it would have met with the most contemptuous fate, had it not been mislaid. —Thus my unfortunate state led me to destroy every thing that could have saved me, and to precipitate myself into ruin.

Oh! that I could defend myself by the frenzy which possessed me?—Oh that I could urge my having been intoxicated by drink, when I committed the deed I had so long delayed, and which I at last perpetrated!—but away with all pretence to disguise an action, of which no colour can conceal the dreadful names of high treason and murder!—When I recall each circumstance of that horrid hour,—I cannot shield myself under the cloak of frenzy.—The state of my health daily improving, my attendants began to be more remiss in their vigilance; and trusted me too much to myself.—Sutrino's letter again fell into my hands; my rage against Philip revived, and I made many endeavours to regain my liberty.—After a night spent in dreaming of Alice, of blood and revenge, I arose to prepare myself for the execution of the purpose which the visions of the night inspired.

—I observed that I was not so closely watched, and congratulated myself on the arrival of that hour which I had been so impatiently expecting—I felt the impropriety and danger of going out in my night-gown;—I therefore searched for my arms and clothes, but they had been taken from me.

I knew the way to Wittelsbach's armoury—I looked into the court which led to that part of the palace where I wanted to go,—it was quite empty—I hastened there unseen, threw off my night clothes, flew into the armoury which stood open, put on the best armour which I could find; covered my head with the helmet, locked close the visor; took Wittelsbach's sword and shield, and hurried into the street accoutred for war;—and, alas, I was only going to destroy a single and a defenceless man!

I reached the Imperial palace without the least interruption, and notwithstanding my strange appearance was permitted to enter. Big with the horrid project of murder and assassination, I did not sufficiently reflect that by my wearing Wittelsbach's armour, and the great

resemblance there was in our stature, I might be taken for him.—His arrival, of which I had already been informed, was expected on that day; and as the intended son-in-law of the Emperor, had not only had free access to every part of the palace,—but had been particularly sent for to receive a private audience.

I was ignorant of all this :—I considered not the consequences of the fury that drove me on :—I alone lived and moved in the thought of completing the revenge that had so long boiled within me, and which I thought myself bound to satisfy, when I recollected the commission with which I had been charged at Pamiers by a decree of the tribunal.

As I arrived at the great staircase I met the Bishop of Castile, who was there also to have audience of the Emperor.—I retired on one side to let him pass ; my sword was drawn to revenge on him also the death of the Countess of Toulouse, but recollecting that, in the smaller sacrifice I might fail in the greater, I permitted him to live.—At the bottom of the stairs he met the Princess Eliza, who was likewise sent for to court, and had just descended from her carriage :

he made her a very humble salutation, and requested she would walk with him into the hall, where he had matters of great importance to communicate to her.

“Ha!” said I to myself, with distorted features, “do I see the future Queen of Castile, for whom the poor Alice was made a sacrifice, and Wittelsbach’s faithless mistress!—the hellish monk will doubtless absolve her from the oath she has broken to my friend, and which her impious father has commanded her to violate.—Oh Otho! Otho! to revenge you alone, Philip’s blood ought to flow; and the order of a free judge is not wanting:—every man of noble birth has a right to revenge such injuries with his own sword.”

Uttering these wild and savage thoughts, I took the way which led to the Emperor’s apartment, with the spirit of an avenger, and continued raving in the antichamber. Opposite to one of the doors hung a picture of the Emperor, which I fancied to be himself, and drew my sword to run it through him: a looking-glass reflected the likeness, and I as vainly made a second thrust at the reflection.—Thus did I continue to brandish

and employ my sword, till the door of the cabinet flew open, and presented to my sight the real object of my rage.—I rushed in, made a pass at the Emperor (who came forwards to meet me), which immediately threw him to the ground.—I then first remarked, by the many voices that joined in the cry of alarm, that I did not find the object of my revenge alone; but I was still so mad as to rejoice at the accomplishment of my purpose. The sight of the fallen almost always disarms the murderer of his rage; but my soul thirsted after more blood.—I flew out of the apartment—the horror and astonishment of every one!—But their eager solicitude to succour the Emperor deprived them of all thought of stopping me.—I hastened down stairs, where I hoped to find the Bishop of Castile, whom I should also have sacrificed to the shade of the unfortunate Alice; but I only saw his carriage drive away,—and the Princess Eliza coming towards the stairs from her consultation with him.—The sight of her occasioned in me very particular sensations: she walked along with a tranquil mien, and an air of innocence; while the majesty of an angel appeared in her

whole deportment :—what was I to think of her ? and what horrors was she now going to encounter ! Already the increasing alarm reached the other apartments ; the whole palace was in confusion, and, on the domestics running backwards and forwards, and passing her, she quickened her steps :—I rushed by her unobserved into the street ;—the guard let me pass without inquiry.—By being clad in Wittelsbach's armour, I had, without my knowledge, a passport, which took away all suspicion from the absconding murderer.

After I had seen Eliza, very contrary sensations possessed my soul.—But they were such as no words can paint : I was like one just awakened from a state of intoxication ;—I did not at the moment recollect what I had done, or know what I intended to do.—An undescribable sensibility troubled me ; to fly—to fly was my sole endeavour,—not from danger, of which there was no appearance, but from a something, within myself, I know not how to name. Thus I passed the streets, flew, as it were, through the gates, and hastened to the open country ; nor did I stop until my breath

failed me, and I fell down senseless by the side of an huge stone.

It was almost dark when I began to revive; I heard somebody stirring—I could only see by the twilight that it was a man, but without being able to distinguish whom—this entirely roused me.—“Ah! gracious God!” cried a well known voice, “is then all in vain? my dear, dear master! is it thus that I must again find you?”

“Roger!” I exclaimed, and feeling at the same time a momentary impulse of joy, “Roger, is it really you?—oh wherefore, wherefore did you not arrive before?”

“My good master, my illness prevented me; but great God! what has happened to you?”

“Happened to me! nothing.—But let me recollect myself.—I dreamed last night that I had killed the Emperor, and am obliged to fly.”

“God be praised that this frightful dream is not verified.—Oh my Lord! how lucky it was that you sent to the Duke of Saxony! you have then received his letter?”

“Why, what did it contain? I did not read it.—I have been very ill, Roger, and in my illness, I believe I have torn it to pieces.”—

“ Poor gentleman ! and ill you are ! thank God that I am here to take care of you.— But be composed, my dear master ; all will go well that caused your sickness.—The Duke of Saxony releases you from the shocking duty imposed upon you by the tribunal at Pamiers ; and the Duke of —— will bitterly repent either his wickedness or imprudence.”

“ Ah Roger,” cried I, interrupting him in his conversation, which I scarce comprehended or regarded, “ all would go well were but the dear Alice alive, and Philip not her murderer.”

“ Alice dead ! the Emperor her murderer !— It is not possible.”

“ It is possible, I tell thee ; and the crime already revenged.—Dost thou not see Philip ? dost thou not see how he bleeds ?—no, no, it was no dream,—the murderer of Conrad and Alice has fallen by my hand.”

Roger, from the little remains I yet had of understanding, seemed to doubt the truth of my exclamations. But retiring from me a few paces, repeated, “ The Emperor murdered ! ”—in a tone which rent my heart and soul.—I

gave a loud shriek, and fell senseless on the earth.

I cannot better compare my strange situation than to that of a man who thinks he is dreaming of fire, while the real flames are raging about his bed: from time to time he seems on the moment of waking—but sleep maintains its right, till at last a violent blow from some falling beam rouses him to perceive the frightful prospect of danger, which he cannot escape, and is at once laid prostrate on the earth.

“The Emperor murdered!” exclaimed my faithful servant! alas, that was the blow which struck me, and I sunk into the same state as when I received the afflicting news of the death of Alice. Roger’s presence was my only relief:—he carried me, with other assistance, to his lodging at the cottage of a peasant, on the opposite side of the road, and laid me on a bed, where I languished many a day.—My illness was not now accompanied with the same paroxysms of fury as before; for nature was quite exhausted in me.—I lay almost the whole time senseless; and nothing but such an affection as Roger had for me, could inspire him with any hope of my recovery.

Yes, indeed, Roger's affection for me was sincere ; or wherefore should he manifest it for a man whom he had every reason to abandon? —Alas, what a wicked deed had I done! what could palliate my crime? it haunted me like a ghost, and brought despair with it!

Roger had heard from report the particular circumstances of the Emperor's murder, and therefore it was not necessary for him to trouble me with needless questions on the subject. —One circumstance caused no common pain in his honest heart ; but still he remained silent : this was the general opinion that Otho Von Wittelsbach was the assassin of his sovereign. Such a belief, he well knew, if I should be informed of it, would add, if possible, to my despair ; and the fatal intelligence at length reached me, and heightened my distractions.

Otho's innocence could not be justified but by my declaration that I committed the crime ; which I would immediately have made, but Roger prevented me :—no, he would say,—I will save you : nor shall you, while I live, present yourself to the danger of such an avowal. The way to avoid it was by flight ; but what pretext could he make for proposing it? the very

proposition to fly, he well knew, would awaken those sentiments, and stir up those feelings that might be fatal to me ; and, instead of adding fresh alarms to my conscience, he wished to hush it, if possible, into an oblivious slumber.

As soon, therefore, as my health permitted that I should be removed, he proposed my return to my own country, as my absence had occasioned a great derangement in my affairs there.—The greatest part of my possessions had fallen into the hands of the Bishops of Bremen and Munster ; but as I had still numerous vassals, who were not attached to those lands, on their assistance Roger founded his hopes of re-establishing me in the possession of my violated domains. With an humane view of turning my reflections to other objects, he continually talked to me of the execution of this design ; and he succeeded in bringing my debilitated intellects to forget, in appearance, the last sad adventures, and to fix my thoughts on other and better times.

The recollection of that country where I had passed the innocent years of my youth ; when I had not experienced love, ambition, or fall-

cious friendship ; when Alice, Philip, and Kalatin, and all those persons who afterwards were so connected with my fate, were unknown to me ;—the remembrance of that uninterrupted joy, never more to return, naturally brought to my mind Evert Von Remen :—I inquired after him, as of a long lost friend ; the calumny with which Kalatin had alienated my affection and friendship from him was entirely forgotten ; and the history that Roger gave me of the fidelity and courage with which he opposed my enemies in my absence, quickened the impulse of returning friendship. I rejoiced in the hope of once more seeing him in that country, and Roger did not discourage it, as he was as ignorant as myself of Evert's design to visit the Holy Land.—He had indeed imparted to me his intention of undertaking that pilgrimage in a long neglected letter, which, with many others, was never read.—The tumult of passions wherein I had spent the years of my life since I saw him, the many prejudices by which I was governed, the various adventures in which I had been engaged, so entirely occupied all my thoughts and wishes, that I

reflected on nothing else, and neglected the very sources of my fortune and happiness.

Roger, who could not give any satisfactory answers to my questions concerning Evert Von Remen, had promised that, if I continued to encourage the recovery of my spirits, he would give me a small box of letters, that might very much amuse me; but which I had thrown by unnoticed and disregarded, without having cast my eye on the contents of them. This packet, which he had carefully preserved for me, consisted of letters from Wittelsbach, from Evert, and other honourable persons, which my excellent servant and friend had thought might turn my mind from its afflictions, and give to my wounded spirit somewhat of its former tranquillity.—

Alas! alas! how this good fellow deceived himself, and wounded me!—for these letters, instead of composing my distempered mind, had well nigh thrown me back into all the distraction from whence I had so lately been, in some degree, recovered.—Several letters of Evert and Wittelsbach, which had not been half read, brought things back to my observation, on the

forgetting of which the restoration of my health seemed principally to depend. A fragment of that letter from the Duke of Saxony, which I tore when I was disordered, presented to me in the blackest colours that horrid crime, which made me a wretch indeed,—and against which he so sincerely cautioned me.—There was a very interesting note from Alverda, and a letter from Kalatin in the collection, which were among the last that I received; and as they each of them contained but a few lines, I have borne them in my memory, and will now repeat them. What my feelings were on the perusal, may be better conceived than described; at least it is not in my power to describe them.

Alverda to her Brother.

“ What have I done, Adolf, that you should thus drive me from your door, and refuse me admittance? Alas, I fear that the loss of the unfortunate Alice disorders your senses, or you would not act as you have done.—Oh, could I but charm the violence of your grief into a

calm and submissive sorrow; you would then, perhaps, receive my counsel and consolation—you would then weep for Alice as becomes a fond and affectionate mourner, instead of dishonouring her and yourself by those violent paroxysms of rage, of which we continually hear so much.—I inclose a letter written by Alice;—take it;—it has often given me relief by the consolatory tears it has caused me to shed.—It may possibly have the same effect on you.—Preserve it with care; it is addressed to her brother the Count of Toulouse; and was written on the day before her death:—she desired me to deliver it to him;—you may perhaps have an earlier opportunity than the disconsolate and dying

ALVERDA.”

A letter written by Alice's hand!—Oh Ademar, what a tremor!—Yes—Alverda was right, it had the same effect; it dissolved my heart to tears;—it taught me to reflect with deliberation on the manner of her death:—but it was not therefore a salutary balsam to me.—Alverda appears to have been the friend of the unhappy Alice to the moment of their eternal separation.

—That the Emperor Philip had a share in the shocking scene at Pamiers, became doubtful to me: but could that console my aching bosom,—when my offence was equally irretrievable!

Kalatin's letter aggravated the dangerous impression: and I give the purport of it.

Kalatin to Count Adolf.

“ You are my enemy, Count Adolf:—the perverseness with which you again refuse me your sister, is a proof of it.—How I am affected towards you, I shall not now explain; I shall only render you the service of a friend, which, however, is less through regard for you, than attention to the honour of our community.

Hear and attend well to what I now say to you:—trust not the transactions of the tribunal at Pamiers, guard yourself against performing a bloody scene, with which it is there designed to charge you; wait the decision of the Duke Bernard, which must shortly follow.

KALATIN.”

Oh why did I, full of rancour against the writer, throw this letter away unread? I received it the day before my hands were polluted with Philip's blood; it was then in time to prevent the deed, if I had but attended to the admonitions which were given me. Philip fell by my hand; but the Duke of —— gave me the sword. As I thought him the destroyer of my beloved Alice;—was it the revenge of justice, or self-revenge that shed his royal blood?

My thoughts wandered and wavered on this sad subject.—I knew not what I did, or what I ought to think;—whether Philip were innocent or guilty.—All I felt was, that I was a most miserable being, who had no refuge for his sorrows but the grave.

I now gave up all thoughts of again seeing my native country: by one of Evert's neglected letters, I learned that he, who alone could induce me to return thither, had through grief for his beloved Alverda left it, and was gone to Palestine, where he perhaps had long since escaped from all his sorrows and disappointments.

I at length formed the resolution to quit my

faithful servant's habitation, and to encounter my fate in any manner that might offer itself to me.—My flight soon succeeded—and in the wild and mountainous country through which I was guided by despair, I soon found an opportunity to complete my purpose.—I everywhere heard Wittelsbach announced as the Emperor's assassin, and that he was proscribed and persecuted.—I then felt, in added horrors, the dreadful consequence of my crime,—and that another, and my best and bosom friend, was to be the innocent victim of my offences. I dropped, therefore, all immediate resolution of ending my life by my own hands.—“ No,” said I, “ I cannot, dare not, die, until Otho is saved and justified—my soul is already charged with too much guilt;—and I will not add to it by the blood of a friend, who suffers the disgrace, and is menaced with the punishment, due alone to me. I will away to the great tribunal; I will there loudly proclaim, Otho Von Wittelsbach is not guilty, and I alone am the murderer:—here I am—take me—punish me—but let him be saved!”

Those who have any cognizance of the throne

of the secret tribunal, well know that it is soon formed in all parts of the empire, and I rejoiced that I had not long to wait for what my soul so ardently desired :—justice for my friend,—and judgment and death for myself.

The day arrived, on the night of which I was to enter the sacred assembly :—slowly and sorrowfully I walked into the great circle, where I had so frequently taken my place as a king on his throne :—the whole crowd surrounded me. “ There’s Count Adolf whom we have not seen so long,” whispered they to each other, “ our chief will be rejoiced to see him.”

The Duke Bernard was himself present : we could, however, exchange but a few words together ere the business began. I took my place next him, as several of the judges were absent ;—an exalted seat for a criminal, who, when once known to the tribunal, must be cast into the deepest dungeon that justice can find for him.

My senses being confused and disordered, I did not hear what was passing around me.—My mind was wholly absorbed in my own approaching fate, and in contriving how I should bring

forward the subject of my crimes. Criminal as I was, and hating and detesting myself, I could not but tremble at the thought of that sentence which was shortly to be pronounced against me.—I too well knew the rigid justice of our tribunal not to shudder with alarm: fate, however, came in due time to aid my weak and irresolute spirit.

At the conclusion of the sitting, a young woman threw herself at the foot of the throne, and stammered out, “Revenge——”

“On what bloody deed,” asked the chief, “do you cry for revenge?”

“The murder of the Emperor Philip.”

“Are you one of his daughters?”

“No; but I speak in their names, and by their order.”

“Whom do you accuse?”

“I accuse no one; but I demand of the judge to discover the criminal.”

“He is already found—it is the Count Otho Von Wittelsbach.”

“No, it is not him;” I exclaimed in a trembling and agitated voice; at the same time I

sprang forth, and held up my hand as a token of opposition to such a calumny.

“No, he is not the person;” cried the young woman, “see and hear my proofs.”

The Count Palatine was exculpated; and the accuser was called to demand revenge against the unknown offender from the four corners of the world.—She threw her veil aside, and, with a faltering voice, repeated the words which were pronounced to her.

Her face and voice instantly discovered her to me, and my whole frame was seized with a sudden and involuntary trembling!

“Alverda,” cried I, quitting my seat, “Alverda, my sister!—dost thou invoke vengeance on thy brother? I—I am the Emperor Philip’s murderer!—here I am—take my life—Count Palatine Otho is innocent!”

Alverda fainted away, and was carried off.—My sword was taken from me;—justice sat on me,—and I was condemned.

A man from the inferior orders arose to defend me; it was the good Roger, who, after having so long lost me, at length found me here.—But his word could do me no service; as

powerful truth and my own testimony were against me. He was ordered to be silent, and privately kept in chains as a prisoner, until the murderer of the Emperor had received his reward.—I was afterwards condemned, and went out a restless wanderer in the world, until I should meet an avenger who should take my weary life. I immediately went from thence, that the lots might be cast for the man who should be trusted with the avenging sword against me.—Ah, little did I think it would fall on him whom I had for some time esteemed as a faithful friend—on Kalatin, who by his kind precaution before the horrid catastrophe, which now precipitated my destruction, had revived my regard for him.—To paint my situation is impossible!—I was cut off as a corrupt member from the society of mankind; while a secret avenger continually followed my steps. Alas! such a situation was far, far more dreadful than death itself!

It was some relief to my mind to think that I had done an act of justice before my death (of which I was in hourly expectation), in restoring to my friend Otho his honour, reputation, and

innocence. I hoped to hear of his being reinstated in all his rights, of his marriage with the Princess Eliza, and the recall of his friends who had been proscribed with him; but my hopes were vain—justice was not content with one sacrifice, she preferred two.—I heard that the Princess Beatrice had also carried her complaints to the new Emperor against him.—His intended bride the Princess Eliza was granted to the Castilian, and Otho wandered a fugitive, destitute of an home as well as myself, until he should meet his executioner, and his innocent blood should be shed as mine, and for my offences.

If any thing could possibly precipitate me yet deeper into the abyss of misery, it was the sad state in which I beheld my friend.—But no, I was not yet sunk to the earth, and it was still left me to give a ray of virtue to my beclouded spirit, ere we were eternally separated.—I would not, I dared not sink into eternity charged with Otho's innocent blood; I had blood enough already on my soul.—In short, I was resolved to save him, and hoped to perish at the moment in which I had completed

his preservation. By possessing a knowledge of the interior secrets which with so much subtilty governed our association, I discovered the deserted abode of Otho, having already been appointed his executioner.—Alas, why should not the eyes of friendship be more vigilant and discerning than those of revenge?—

I found my poor, unhappy, guiltless friend in a wild forest on the borders of the Danube:—a cave was his refuge—a stone his pillow—roots were his food, and despair the companion of his solitude. Despair, did I say? I recall the word, for the innocent can never despair.—I, as an offender, could not be appeased; and were even the dear Alice, for whose sake I offended, to have risen from her grave, and offered to administer consolation, her attempts would have been fruitless.—How little consoled the innocent Otho, when he derived comfort from the visit of such an abandoned wretch as me!

“How,” cried he, when on finding him I threw myself in his arms, declaring I would be the companion of his misery, and share his fate, “How is this,—has Otho yet a friend? and a friend who desires to be the guardian of his

exile, when he is confirmed by all the world a criminal, and who alone believes him innocent? Ye cruel persecutors, I can now bid ye defiance!—friends, relations, and faithless, yet still loved, mistress! now I will forget your inconstancy;—I have Alf Von Deulmen, a friend who will live and die with me!”

Oh, how little did I merit so kind a reception! how joyfully would I have cast myself at his feet, and confessed that I was the author of all his misery! but this I could not do, without rendering abortive all my plans for his safety. The incomparable Otho willingly accepted me for his companion in affliction—but could he have had any indulgence for a murderer, and a murderer of an Emperor?—must he not have expected the avenging lightning from heaven to strike him, should he even escape the sword of revenge that was unsheathed against him? In associating with him, I had not those fears to disturb me:—I hoped that Heaven would grant the last prayers of a wretch, and give him the power to save his friend who was brought to destruction by his offences. My sword should protect Otho; my eyes watch for

him; my hands should labour for him; and my tongue endeavour to administer that comfort to his oppressed heart which was a stranger to mine. I began with vigour, and it succeeded; yet my mind was not always equal to my occupation, my reason was often absent, which I endeavoured to conceal from Otho, or to attribute it to my sorrow and affliction for the lost Alice. The unsuspecting heart of my friend believed all, and often endeavoured to console me; but his words, though so full of power and energy, were not in season; he was ignorant of the comfort which I required:—the secret wound in my heart could not find a cure in any part of the earth, but that small spot which should contain my grave.

To secure my friend, I would not suffer him to quit his retirement. I undertook to supply him with every thing necessary for his sustenance; and I continually exposed my life, which was not worth keeping, to preserve his, which would be honourable to himself, and might become useful to the world. I was indeed sometimes too adventurous, and in my wanderings had sufficient opportunity to hear the occurrences of

the world. It was reported that Wittelsbach's life was to be the sacrifice to love; and with which the new Emperor would purchase the heart of the Princess Beatrice. I told him as much as was necessary for him to know, that he might be better acquainted with the danger of his situation, and the necessity there was for the most rigid precaution. We seriously deliberated whether we should not be in more security by flying from our own country. Otho could seek protection under the standard of the cross at Palestine; and I promised to accompany him, not for the sake of preserving my own life, but to protect his; and when he should be in safety, I could die. I also wished to purify myself at the holy tomb, and then meet with a glorious death by the sword of the Saracen.

Although I was sensible that my crime could never be effaced, yet I did not think it a duty incumbent on me to deliver my life into the hands of the common executioner. Death, in the cause of Christianity, was in my opinion better and more meritorious, though undoubtedly too good for such a wretch as me. I had

not yet demanded of Otho any account of what had happened from the time of his departure from the Emperor's court, to his arrival in Poland; but one evening, as we were engaged in mutual confidence with each other, he, unasked, related the particular circumstances of that period.

Little did I think (began my unfortunate friend), little did I think, on the day that I was separated from my dearest friend and beloved mistress, that it was to be the last time I should ever behold her; and that I should see him in this wretched state. O Adolf, the preparations for our eastern expedition make it requisite that we must now separate;—and how will it be with us when we meet again,—if again our eyes should behold each other?—I conclude that my promised bride is, by the Castilian marriage, lost to me for ever.—I did all in my power to ensure her constancy, but in vain. I will say nothing of the particular intention of my journey to Poland, not through mistrust, as my heart well knows that I have confided many things to you, on which, perhaps, I ought to have been silent; but I judged the business of Duke Ber-

nard, for which I went to Poland, could not be particularly interesting to you ; and as you must have heard so much already from the mouth of fame, it did not appear to me that I could communicate any thing new to you in repeating the love of my friend for the beautiful Adela, and his treaty of marriage with her : he had loved her long, but had, by a thousand accidents, been frustrated in his wishes, of which, for aught I know, the world was not ignorant. Adela's youth and other obstacles had delayed the happy time that was to unite him to her for ever. The time, however, now arrived, and Duke Bernard wrote to me to beg I would undertake to negotiate for him a promise which had long been made him on the part of the Duke of Poland, uncle to Adela.

I with pleasure complied with the request of my friend : I had asked of the Emperor all that was necessary : I obtained of him letters to the Duke of Poland, which he himself first read to me ; and they contained all that the Duke Bernard and I could desire for the attainment of our wishes. There were circumstances with which I imagined Eliza must have been gene-

rally acquainted, and I did not feel it necessary to enter into particulars with her about them; especially at such a parting as ours was, when every moment was precious to us; when every moment was so fraught with love, tenderness, and grief at separating, that there was no interval to think of any thing but the situation of our own hearts. Thus, however, my unreflecting silence on things so apparently indifferent to her, was the cause of all my incomprehensible misfortunes. Alas,—but who can so discern those fine and slender threads that compose the delicate web of our fate, as not to break or entangle them? When threatened by danger, which often lurks beneath the most trifling circumstances, nothing can so soon tranquillize our spirits, as the belief that the power which permits us ignorantly to act against our own happiness, can change our confusion to order, and our greatest misfortune to real blessings. How, and when my unswerving faith will be justified, I know not: it will be, I should think, in another world;—for in this, not a ray of hope is left me, to illumine the dark passage through which it appears that I am destined to pass.

I set out on my journey to Poland, completely satisfied with Eliza's promise, that there was nothing for me to apprehend from a marriage with Castile, which was at that time the chief object of my fears; nor did she fail to promise that she would ever remain faithful to me, if I would be so to her.—Could her fidelity be fixed on a more solid foundation than mine? could any thing so powerfully calm my fears, as the conviction that we possessed each other's heart. With perfect satisfaction I therefore conducted my measures at the negotiation for the Polish court; nor did any thing in this business particularly attract my notice, until the Duke's countenance changed in an uncommon manner while he was perusing the letter that I had delivered to him. He then fixed his eyes on me, and in a tone of the kindest compassion, "Count Palatine," said he, "my niece has not been refused to the Duke of Saxony: at the same time, I cannot but acknowledge, that I might have been as well pleased to be allied to you as to him. I know well that the duty of friendship, and a prior engagement with the Princess Eliza, render the accomplishment of

these wishes impossible. I hope, with all my heart, that your fidelity to her may not be overreached, as it is the anxious desire of certain persons to keep her from you."

"I know how much I can depend on my beloved bride," I answered, with some displeasure: "can you depend as much on your future father-in-law?"

"You perhaps allude to the Castilian marriage with which that vile tribunal is occupied. I am indeed ignorant of all these transactions, and only judge from what I have immediately before my eyes.—Read this letter which you have brought me from the Emperor,—read it, and then give me your opinion of the contents; and whether you think that you have not every thing to fear from such a man as the writer of it?"

I took the letter; I read it, and found it quite different from what Philip had himself read to me: and, amongst many other ambiguous phrases, was that which follows. "On considering the thing politically, nothing can be said, after the foregoing instructions, against the proceedings respecting the treaty of mar-

riage performed by the Count Palatine Otho; and a Duke of Saxony is well worthy a Princess of Poland.—But Duke Bernard and his friends the Wittelsbachs, are most certainly dangerous persons, turbulent fiends, and unfortunate firebrands in whatever country they may be. The Duke of Poland and his beautiful niece are too much beloved to be advised to make such an alliance; the best thing, indeed, that he could do, would be to gain time, and to prevent the Duke of Saxony's further suitorship for the Princess Adela, in the same manner as they do at the Imperial court by Wittelsbach—as he is thought too powerful to receive an abrupt refusal, they choose rather to promise him every thing, and leave the accomplishment to time.”

“ And did Philip write that?” I exclaimed, while I threw the letter in a rage on the ground, and trampled it under my feet. “ I will away,” cried I, “ to the court of the traitor;—I will speak to him myself; and make him immediately explain these treacherous words, and demand the full accomplishment of his promise. But Philip's daughter, I am certain, knows

nothing of all this :—but, could I suppose it for a moment,—much as I love her, I would chase her from me with disgust and contempt. Eliza! O, my Eliza! who art so unlike thy degenerate father, that I can scarcely think thee to be his child! No, it is impossible; I will fly and claim you as my own, and then be revenged on those who would rob me of you.”

The Duke of Poland encouraged me in my resolution, gave all possible assistance for accelerating my departure, and, at parting, made many kind promises respecting the Duke of Saxony. But before I could reach the Imperial residence I received my doom from the Castilian ambassadors, who had proposed a treaty of marriage for the Princess Eliza; and it appeared to be the general opinion that their proposals would not be rejected, as it was a more advantageous alliance than that which had been projected with Wittelsbach,—who might yet be satisfied, as the Emperor had other daughters.

Flames and furies!—and who were these daughters? one was already promised to another,—already another had avowed his passion

for Beatrice, whose temper besides so little suited with mine. Agnes was an infant, and before she could attain to years of maturity I should be an old man: and with these miserable hopes was I to change the certain possession of my angelic Eliza? No:—my resolution was fixed—though the general opinion was, that the generous Wittelsbach would condescend to let himself be supplanted. This brought the tumult of my heart to the utmost:—but I swear by the great God, that I did not feel the slightest symptom of a design to become an assassin, which has been so falsely and so barbarously imputed to me.

I wrote to Eliza, as well as I can remember, a menacing letter:—by Heavens I know not precisely what I wrote;—my blood boiled;—my senses wandered; and, at the moment I wrote it, I received a message from the Emperor, which informed me that he had heard of my safe arrival from Poland:—he desired me also to come to court on a certain day, and at a certain hour, to be in private with him; as he had affairs of the last importance to transact with me.—This letter completed my rage,

and convinced me of the truth of all that I had feared. I could not doubt but that I was to be informed of the Prince of Castile's proposals, and to be requested to renounce all pretensions to my promised bride, that she might be a queen.—

I answered Philip, that I would ere long appear before him in a manner very different from that which he expected; nor was I less determined to fulfil the contents of my letter to Eliza, which solicited her to go with me, and threatened her with force if she refused. When I was once possessed of her, I resolved, with the assistance of my friends, to fall on the perfidious Emperor with a numerous army, compel him to avow his falsehood, and make his throne to totter under him. This was my design: but assassination never once debased my thoughts for a moment. Eliza must be mine ere I could execute such a resolution. I must be very certain, that if I began hostilities with her father, she would think herself under the necessity of breaking with me; but being her husband, she could not be answerable for my actions, and would remain faithfully mine, notwithstanding my hostilities against her

father. Indeed, I doubted not that while I gave her no cause to change, she would ever be the same.

O! how I erred—her answer to my letter gave me an eternal dismissal. She upbraided me with infidelity; refused to comply with my demand, and derided my menaces. My rage now became as violent against her as it had been against her father: and I should have done some desperate deed, had I not thought of the Empress Irene. The idea of that excellent woman recalled my wandering reason; she had always been my friend; I always found her sincere; and she was ever faithful, when others were false. This reflection gave me comfort; and I wrote her an account of all my distresses. I received for answer, that she was too weak to write, and that I must therefore go to her myself with all possible expedition, and hear an explanation of all my doubts from her lips.—I flew to the castle, which was not at a great distance, where she was waiting in a very weak state, on the approach of her lying-in. From her mouth, I well knew that I should hear nothing but the truth; and I wept by the sick-bed of her who had ever been a mother to me.—When

I entered the room, she reached out her hands, full of joy to see me; "Are you come, my son?" said she, "your arrival gives me a twofold pleasure; as I did not wish it merely for your sake, but my own. Forgive the weakness of a sick woman; for things that at another time would not trouble me for a moment, now fill me with alarm. Think what has happened to me, after I received your distressing letter.—I fell into a light slumber, when it appeared to me, with the same distinctness as if I had been awake, that some one approached my bedside, and said, Irene, —Wittelsbach is guilty of treason, in the death of the Emperor.—I then thought myself in the Imperial cabinet, when a person entered, who by his arms I took for you, and approaching the Emperor, stabbed him to the heart.—This dream, and your desponding letter, were the cause of my pressing to see you; that I might prevent you from realizing the frightful spectacle of my imagination."

"What," exclaimed I, "can Irene think me capable of such an action, that would eternally separate me from my Eliza?"

"Once more, my son, forgive a weakness in

a sick woman; be composed, and tell me all that troubles you, that I may give you consolation."

I now began to pour forth my whole heart into the bosom of this faithful friend; and most certainly the comfort she gave me had a very healing effect on my troubled soul. This good Empress had an unlimited influence over me; but I with these eyes had read Philip's treacherous letter to the Duke of Poland—I had with these ears heard the story of the Castilian marriage, and was confirmed in all these things, to me so dreadful, by the Emperor's message to me, and Eliza's subsequent refusal of me when I so little expected it. I listened with confidence to the exceptions that Irene made to all these circumstances, and of the doubts she entertained of them. She observed my composure, and concluded in the following manner.

"My dear son, do not, I beseech you, be angry with Eliza, and break not with the Emperor, till you have talked to both; the Duke Bernard's love for the Polish Princess, was probably as unknown to Eliza as it was to me: either through prudence or accident you said nothing of it; you wrote to her something in a

very precipitate manner, about a treaty of marriage for Adela, and she has misinterpreted that in such a way as sincerity is most apt to do ; and thus proceeded her injurious declaration against you. In regard to the Emperor, you are sensible that it is a long time since your friendship for him has been displeasing to others. That letter is certainly a base contrivance, and you must have a verbal explanation of it.— Perhaps he has already (for you were never accustomed to conceal your sentiments) heard something of your discontent, and desires to see you, that he might be reconciled to you.

“ Respecting the Castilian marriage, be not uneasy about it ; the Emperor does not approve of it sufficiently to give his consent. Eliza is yours ; but if I am deceived, observe what I say—I will give you leave to urge Eliza’s flight in my name. The oath that binds you both is irrevocable ; nothing can dissolve it ; to transgress it would be as unpardonable in the one as the other ; and should any hand threaten to cut the band that unites you, were it even that of a father, you would be at liberty to act without fear ; and, exempt from any duty, Eliza flies with you ;

she becomes your wife, and will at least receive my blessing, even should Philip refuse her his. These things, however, according to my judgment, are not real, and I tell you what you must do for your own peace.—But I can speak no more:—and my weak frame sinks beneath the present exertion. You must go immediately to the Emperor, where you have been already summoned;—take an opportunity also to see Eliza; and afterwards set off as quickly as possible to Saxony to the Duke Bernard, from whom you say you had a pressing letter.”

The Empress was right; on my way to her I received a letter from the Duke of Saxony, who urged my speedy arrival, but which, in the agitation of my mind, I had but slightly read, or half understood. By the Empress's desire I read it again, and ere I mounted my horse gave it another perusal. I could, however, make but little of it; as it treated of a summons to Pamiers, of which I was wholly ignorant. I could only discover that it had been a long time written, and that I ought to have received it much sooner, and most probably

through the carelessness of the courier, or some other accident, it must have miscarried. You, Count Adolf, to whom the Duke wrote at the same time, can perhaps give me some reason for it; but of this another time;—at present I shall continue my narration.

But wherefore should I recommence it;—when by the repetition of my accumulated misfortunes, I only revive the repetition of these events so full of affliction and horror? I now almost think it a dream, that, animated by fresh hopes from the mouth of a saint, I set out to encounter new misfortunes; and when I thought I was ensured the possession of Eliza, by following the counsel of her excellent mother, that she was lost to me for ever: nay, when almost reconciled to Philip, and inspired with the most enlivening confidence, I was openly denounced as his enemy and murderer.

How and in what manner all this was managed, I hardly know myself. Each stroke of misfortune burst upon me in such rapid succession, that I could not distinguish the order of them.

Before I reached the Imperial residence, I

heard the report of the Emperor's murder;—and by me.—Good Heavens, by me!—who was going to him with a pure heart and reconciling spirit; with the delightful hope that his own mouth would confirm me to be his son. I scarce had time to contemplate the horrors of this incomprehensible news, when the sword was sent in pursuit of me—as if to proclaim, this is to strike Wittelsbach, the murderer of the Emperor, who cannot escape its rage.

“I the Emperor's murderer,” cried I, tearing my helmet from my head, and exposing my uncovered face; “are these the features of a criminal? such an one would not have taken the direct road to meet his fate.”

I have in my life frequently heard that rage and despair incredibly exalts our faculties, and I am now convinced of it; I was quite alone—I had dismissed my guide, to wait for me at a distance, where I should have occasion for him, and was obliged to defend myself against a number of armed men, who were sent to destroy me: but I shall not name them, for they were persons whom, after all, I do not wish to accuse. I indeed escaped; but was, however, severely

wounded in the left arm and right shoulder. But in the place where I lay concealed I heard my pursuers, who remained about it till late at night, invoking curses and imprecations on the Emperor's murderer, and threatening him with the most dreadful punishment, whenever he should fall into their hands.—I was sometimes almost tempted to deliver myself up to them: conscious of my innocence, it appeared to me that flight and concealment cast an odium on my honour. Death I did not shun; but my heart fluttered at the thoughts of the base treatment I should meet with from a set of unfeeling villains. I determined therefore to wait a better opportunity, to put my cause into the hands of justice; there to demand a proof of my crime, and to shame them by a display of my innocence. Something whispered me, that this was not the time to expect to be justified; as the word of a free man is of far more force than that of a prisoner.

It was night, and my persecutors were obliged to quit their pursuit.—And after I had miserably bound up my wounds, and refreshed myself with a draught of water from the nearest spring, I bent my way forward, and directed my

steps toward the Imperial residence, the gates of which I found open, notwithstanding it was very late at night, and the streets crowded with people.—A general confusion prevailed; every one was exclaiming concerning Philip and his murderer; I had the boldness, as I was wrapped in my cloak, to ask the particular circumstances: when I appeared to be so minutely described, that my blood chilled in my veins,—and I almost doubted my own innocence. God only knows whether man or devil had transformed himself to my likeness to accomplish this horrid act, for it will ever be an enigma to me. In my disguise I slipped into the hall of the Emperor's palace, where his body had been exposed in order to excite the revenge of the populace.—I saw lying on a couch, near the body, a glove and a sword-belt that the assassin had dropped in his flight, and which, on a nearer inspection, I knew to be mine.

An uncommon horror seized me at this strong but fallacious demonstration of my guilt; and I deemed myself obliged to lay before God and myself a solemn testimony that I had no part in the bloody deed. I accordingly approached the

coffin, where several monks were employed in sprinkling holy water, and performing other religious ceremonies. After I had for some time contemplated the Emperor's bloody form, I said, but in a low voice,—poor Philip! alas poor Philip! how art thou fallen! ought thy friend to be thy murderer?—See, I lay my hand on thy forehead; open thy mouth,—let thy blood flow afresh, if it were this hand that gave the deadly wound.—Curse, curse on him who has killed thee, and hath branded an innocent person with his shame!

The monks, who did not know me, remarked my actions, and might very well have understood what I had said. They looked at me with astonishment, and the people who had been at some distance were crowding around me. It is, said they whispering, the Duke of Brunswick, who would purify his conscience, and vindicate his innocence, before us. He has no occasion to do this, as we know for certain that Wittelsbach committed this horrid treason. I indeed afterwards learned that some turbulent people represented the Duke of Brunswick, Philip's opponent, as an accomplice in the crime; but this report

made so little impression, that he was acknowledged and bore the title of Emperor without any opposition; nor can I entertain the least suspicion against him.

When I had hurried from this sad spectacle, in every corner, and in every place I continued to hear myself named as the perpetrator of a crime of which I was innocent. At length I took my way to my own palace, which was strongly guarded, the mob having been several times inclined to raze it to the ground. But

I knew a secret passage, through an old cellar in the garden, that also led to a summer house which belonged to the adjacent palace, where the Princess Eliza generally resided. I had frequently enjoyed opportunities of contemplating her in her solitude, as her cabinet was contiguous to a wall, where, through a crevice that time had wrought, I had often observed that angel in various occupations: sometimes I saw her as she slept; at others when engaged in devotion, or indulging her griefs; or jesting with her ladies. Sometimes she spoke of me; but, Heavens, in what a voice!—she wept and prayed for me, but I imagined she prayed for revenge on

the guiltless Wittelsbach. Alverda was with her, I could not particularly distinguish what they said ; only of this I was certain, that nought was left me but despair. I had however resolved to carry off Eliza by force, if she would not consent to follow me, were it only to exculpate myself to her, and then put an end to my life in her presence.

I tore myself from the cruel spectacle. I could no longer behold the tears flow down the cheeks of such an angel, and of which I was the cause. I therefore quitted the place, and hastened to join my people, whom I had ordered to wait my coming in a certain village.

I am Wittelsbach, said I, when I arrived amongst them : do ye also think me the Emperor's murderer? They shouted with joy at the sight of me, and swore that they would never harbour the thought for a moment ;—but even if I should be what was rumoured of me, they would still live and die in my service. The fidelity of these good people, who were now my only friends, in some measure appeased me. I conversed with them openly respecting my cruel situation ; and demanded of them, as the

first proof of what they had just sworn, that one of them should carry a letter from me to Eliza, while the others should be prepared to execute a design which should be hereafter announced to them. It was my intention also to have been at the execution of it ; but my people, who had perceived my wounds, were anxious about me, and pressed me to submit myself to the care of a surgeon, while they engaged to carry into complete effect the meditated project.

It was, indeed, necessary to get advice respecting my wounds, which from negligence, an unsettled state of mind, and my nocturnal wanderings, were become much inflamed. I fainted under the dressing of them, and was soon afterwards attacked by a fever which for a long time deprived me of my senses. When I was sufficiently recovered to distinguish my situation, I was surprised to see myself in a place wholly unknown to me : it was a small dark room, dimly lighted by a solitary lamp : an old woman was sitting on my bed, who shewed much satisfaction at my speaking, and, without making any reply, went, as she said, to inform her master of these first symptoms of my recovery.

“ And who is your master ?” said I.

“ Master Paul of Eisenburg the surgeon,” returned she, “ in whose house you have been carefully attended and nursed for these three weeks.”

Master Paul now made his appearance, and I perceived him to be a good man by the compassion he shewed for my sufferings. Joy brightened in his countenance on finding that he had so far advanced my recovery ; but to all my questions I could not obtain any satisfactory answer, except signs for me to remain composed, and to attend to my cure.

But, gracious Heaven ! what a discovery awaited that cure, which was at length established. I had foreseen trouble enough, but not so much as I have since suffered : for the good hearted Paul not being perfectly acquainted with my situation, and what most oppressed my soul, innocently unfolded many circumstances to me which should have remained in secret.

“ Tell me, for God’s sake,” said I one day to him, “ where am I ?”

“ You are in perfect safety—you are in my house.”

"Do you know who I am?"

"You are the Wittelsbach of whom every one has such horrid suspicions, but whom I believe to be perfectly innocent."

"Is then the real assassin of the Emperor discovered?"

"No; but they persecute him in your person with proscription and the ban."

"Where is the Princess Eliza?"

"She set out eight days ago with the ambassadors on her way to Castile."

"Where are my people?"

"The best of them were killed on an expedition, the design of which I do not exactly know; the others—but every one has quitted you as a proscribed person."

Alas! he told me but too true; I was robbed of Eliza; she was forced from the hands of my people by the Count Castelmoro; the bravest of them had lost their lives; the rest had followed their fortunes and were fled. I should have been quite lost had not the honest Paul taken compassion on me, and humanely protected and concealed me, as the whole world seemed to thirst after my blood. I had nothing

to reward this good man, when I left his house, but a valuable ring, which he unwillingly accepted, because he thought that in my situation it might be necessary to me. I quitted him with regret ; nor was it without some difficulty that I hindered him from following me to share my misfortunes ; and I could only prevent his accompanying me by the declaration that the safety of my flight depended on my being alone. —At night, therefore, I quitted his house, and had the wide world before me to make choice of a place of refuge : but this gave me no great concern, for I did not yet know all the horrors of my situation.

My first intention was to go immediately to the Empress Irene, in whose sincerity I promised myself consolation and justice, when I was condemned and abandoned by the rest of the world ; but alas, I was ignorant that she did not survive the death of her husband the Emperor ; and that, in a short time after this dreadful news, a premature delivery put an end to her exemplary life. The next asylum I proposed to seek was with my brother the Bishop of Bamberg, or Henry of Andocks ; but they, as well as my-

self, were outlawed and banished men. — Homeless they wandered, and, like me, persecuted by the sword; how then could I get that protection from them which they wanted for themselves?

I was now without the least resource; — the accusers had carried their complaints to the formidable tribunal; — the judge was obliged to act against his friend. While I lay sick and senseless, I was summoned three times before that tribunal where I had been seated as a judge. As I was ignorant of the summons, I could not appear; but I became, nevertheless, subject to that vengeance from which nothing could save me. In all my castles, which I visited by stealth and in fear, I found the officers had already been there, who had stripped off pieces of the pillars, and carried away with them stones from the thresholds of the gates, and thereby gave the signal of that proscription which was denounced against the murderer of Philip. The fury of the people burned against me, I was the destroyer of him whom they almost deified, now he was no more.

Some of my fortresses and castles were razed,

some reduced to ashes, others abandoned :—like a frightened bird I wandered from one to the other, without finding a place whereon to rest ; but in the gloom of the night I brought away, like a thief, what little I could find of those treasures that belonged to me, and which happened not to be discovered by the avarice of my enemies : and, as I passed through Ratisbon, I secreted all I had got in an old wall there. At last I found safety in this wild forest ; a pitiable refuge, where I should have no desire to prolong life, had not friendship appeared to render it more dear to me. I found thee, my Adolf, or rather thou foundest me ; thou soughtest me when I was abandoned by all the world : I was faint and weak through want of food,—and on the brink of despair, when you became a guardian angel to me.

O Adolf, Adolf, how do I merit this mark of thy affection ! Our friendship was, it is true, solid and sincere ; but there were many who pressed to be near my heart in happier days, and they have now forsaken me :—but you alone stay by me, firm as a rock on the shores of the ocean. May God reward your unshaken

fidelity for a banished wretch, for I cannot. I now think of nothing but of charging you with a new burden, which you must undertake for me: you cannot, you must not refuse me; and I have three requests to make to you, which you, who have already sacrificed yourself for me, will never refuse.

Our journey to the Holy Land is determined; a ray of hope still beams on my dejected soul on quitting this place, thanks to thy good counsel;—but how shall we provide against the exigencies of such a journey? you are poor as I am, you as well as myself have been robbed of your property:—this then is my first request, that you will go to Ratisbon, and dig up, from the place which I shall point out to you, the treasure that I have buried there. Secondly, you must take this letter to the Emperor Philip's daughters, who have excited the enemy against me; as if the sword of revenge were not already drawn for my destruction. This letter is to reproach them for their injustice to me, and to make them feel, if possible, some little remorse for the misery I suffer, and which they yet seek to augment. Go to them, that they may bestow on the wretched,

unfortunate Otho a tear of repentance, and he will be contented. But if Alf Von Deulmen will but grant my third request, I shall feel a degree of satisfaction I know not how to express.—O Adolf—Adolf! I conjure you by our friendship, by all the mysteries of the formidable tribunal which cruelly persecutes me, by thine and my own innocence, I conjure thee to discover the real murderer of the Emperor Philip; to discover that infernal villain, who has charged me with this black deed, and thus cast me into the abyss of misery: drag him before my deluded judges, that he may meet with the punishment due to his offence;—and that I may have the heartfelt satisfaction of being justified. Could this be accomplished ere our journey to Palestine, the avowal of my innocence should not prevent it. My faithless country I have, at all events, renounced;—but what a triumph will it be to me to greet the sacred place, not as a fugitive, but as a voluntary servant of the cross! O Adolf, is the life and peace of thy Otho yet dear to thee? then promise to grant me these three requests:—but the last is the chief of them, and occupies all my heart.

Here the unfortunate Count concluded his narrative ; it had already deeply moved me ; moved me to the soul ; but the conclusion surpassed all that I had ever heard or felt of horror : when he made this awful demand I thought that I should have dropped senseless at his feet. This murderer, this devil, on whom he invoked curses and revenge, against whom he would turn my arms, was no other than myself!—the dreadful confession hung on my tongue, but I had not power to utter it. I forced myself from him, that I might vent my despair at liberty.—My life hung on a thread : more than once I was tempted to put an end to it : my anxiety and fears for him who unknowingly thirsted for my blood, alone induced me to procrastinate the action. What was to become of Otho had I then buried my crime and my shame in eternal night, and have left him alone, exposed as he was to the malicious power both of his avowed and secret persecutors?

In the evening I returned to our cave ; Otho, cried I, grasping his right hand with mine, and laying my left on my sword, thy demands shall be fulfilled ;—even the last and most difficult

shall not dismay me ; the murderer shall die, shall die by this hand, but not until you are in perfect security. When you shall no longer see Alf Von Deulmen with you ; then think of the revenge with which you have charged him, and be satisfied !

Wittelsbach gazed at me for some time, and could not comprehend why I declared my compliance to his demands in such an extraordinary manner, as it required but little reflection, and less ceremony. He began to search into the meaning ; and when, after a short time, he concluded that I must know the criminal,—I feared his farther inquiry,—for he had but to ask,—the secret of my heart would instantly have been divulged, and I should have appeared before him, to behold his astonishment, to tremble at his struggles, and to receive his maledictions !

To avoid such an alarm, I set out the same night on my journey to Ratisbon, with the hope that when this was finished, the preparations for our pilgrimage to Palestine would give us sufficient employment, and leave us no time to examine into a business so dangerous to our friend-

ship. It was my intention that he never should know it; even my own death, which I had promised him, he should never have learned, that his days might not be clouded with new afflictions, that my memory might remain sacred to him, and that he should never discover the wide extent of my lamentable fate till we should meet in another world; where the actions of mankind are judged by different powers: not that such a crime as mine is pardonable in the sight of Heaven: no! but there we are to hope that no afflictions can interrupt the joys of the blessed;—and the remainder of Otho's earthly life would have been embittered, had he learned the real situation of his friend Alf Von Deulmen.

I determined to suppress my feelings at our separation, as they might have betrayed me. I expostulated with the dejected Otho on the hopes of meeting again, and proposed to him a correspondence by means of a hollow willow, at the mouth of the Danube. This secret repository for our letters lay half way between our cave and Ratisbon, and afforded us the means of our important communications.

I reached Ratisbon without meeting with

any adventure; my knowledge of the mysteries of the secret tribunal enabled me to avoid the roads which the avengers are accustomed to take, who, nevertheless, were always at my heels, though I was so fortunate as to escape their vigilance.—I found the hidden treasure of the Count without difficulty, and carried it to our place of security. His letter I myself delivered to the Princess Beatrice, whose love it was said the Emperor Otho had purchased at the price of Wittelsbach's death: she was then at Ratisbon on her way to join her Imperial consort.—Her I did not see, but I saw Alverda, saw the sister who gave the sword into the hand of revenge against her brother: but she knew not the ruin to which she devoted me. Be silent, Alf Von Deulmen, and let not a complaint escape thee, but at thy own transgressions!

Alverda saw me, but she did not know me: alas, how could Alverda recollect her brother in the disguise of a pale worn out skeleton, in rags (which I put on for my better security); for I was no more the blooming young man, the admiration of princesses, the haughty noble of whose society even his enemies were vain.

Various circumstances detained me at Ratis-

bon ; the preparations I had to make for our Oriental journey demanded the greatest circumspection, and much time. The retinue for escorting the Imperial bride was preparing with the greatest magnificence. I saw this beautiful Princess, so highly and so universally admired, I saw her move on in all her grandeur ; but deep sorrow sat on her lovely countenance ; those sparkling eyes, and that enchanting mouth had forgot their wonted smile. Alverda, her companion, concealed a thin pale face under a rich veil ; and I was told that she had just recovered from a severe sickness. I then felt my heart rise with compassion towards both these lovely creatures, and reflected whether it were possible they should be so culpable as Otho and I supposed them : of this I never had a perfect explanation, until the approach of that unhappy moment which was to separate me from my friend for ever.

How can I paint these events, which seem to have passed like a dream ? events which were the work of a few minutes, and yet were destined to end the lives of two faithful friends. My correspondence, by means of the tree, had

continued uninterrupted with the Count, and it informed him of all that I was doing, and the time appointed for my return. From the increasing danger of our situation, which became more and more precarious, as I perceived some of our persecutors had followed our traces, I never concluded my letters without an earnest admonition to be extremely circumspect: his excursions from the cave I limited to midnight, as at this hour the secret tribunal was accustomed to be employed in taking information against criminals, and forming plans of revenge, instead of executing them. After our next meeting at the willow, we were to set out from thence, and pursue the safest road in order to avoid the avenging arm of justice: but, gracious Heaven, that this should be the place, and that this should be the hour, which fate had pronounced for our irrevocable doom!—At night I arrived at the place agreed on with my friend; I saw him, by the mild glimmering of the moon, at a great distance, but its deceitful brightness afterwards discovered to me very different objects from those I expected to see. Instead of the form of a man, I discovered those of two

women,—I thought I must be deceived, and hastened towards them; when I distinctly saw them wringing their hands, and hanging over a body that was stretched on the earth. My heart was rent when I heard their lamentable voices, which were not unknown to me: one of them, who saw me approaching, arose in an instant, and advancing to meet me, asked, in the most affecting tone, my help for a wounded man.—Where is he, returned I, I will do what I can to assist him. No! no! you cannot assist him, you are a knight—what can you do? it must be a surgeon; a surgeon must be found, or he is lost:—my attendants are not far off,—go—they are encamped in the adjoining valley; you have an horse and will soon be there. The clear light of the moon discovered to me that I was talking to Beatrice: I was terrified, I know not why—and, as I was turning my horse to fulfil her desire, the other, whom I knew to be my sister, exclaimed with a shriek, it is too late, it is too late! the unfortunate Wittelsbach is no more!—Wittelsbach! repeated I, quickly dismounting and running to the wounded person:—the women, as well as myself, threw them-

selves down by the side of Otho, who once more raised his languid eyes at the sound of my voice, and gently pressed my hand; Adolf, articulated he, I die. And by whom? cried I. By Kalatin, faltered he, and closed his eyes for ever. —Will the Emperor's daughter be now contented? said I, turning from my departed friend and going up to the weeping Beatrice; Kalatin, the conductor of your retinue, has committed this murder at your command.

Spare! oh spare her, Adolf! cried Alverda, who knowing me, threw her arms about my neck. Away, thou serpent, said I, away fratricide! flinging her from me, and mounting my horse, to go in search of Wittelsbach's murderer. I found him not far from the scene of the combat; he knew me immediately, as I did him: he said something, but I understood him not. We drew; I pressed him; he flew, and I followed him, but my sword did not yet hurt him. We were now returned within sight of the women. Beatrice threw herself between us: blinded by rage, I should have wounded her, had not Kalatin protected her with his shield; but he at length bled from a mortal wound I had given him

in his side, and I seized his horse's bridle, which his hand could no longer grasp. Yonder, cried I, go and pour forth every drop of thy blood on the body of the innocent man thou hast slain.

I was obliged to cut him off, cried he in a faltering voice, he fell in the name of the avenging tribunal, who gave me the sword against him.—These words were the cause of new despair. I left the dying Kalatin, again to throw myself on the body of Otho; but his noble spirit was fled for ever. Possessed with horror, I threw myself off my horse, and hanging over him I groaned out these words,—Dead! dead—for me dead! and he on whom I swore to revenge Philip's murder, is now thine and Kalatin's murderer;—and still he lives!

Beatrice, who was very near me, and who must have apprehended something terrible from my looks and demeanour, clung around me, and conjured me to spare myself; but I tore away from her arms, with one spring reached the shore, and threw myself into the Danube, where I had hoped to finish my existence, and to find an end of my misery.

Alas! alas! I found it not, but in its stead a

new and long epocha of wretchedness; my sufferings were to begin afresh.

Frenzy and despair had precipitated me into the flood, where I hoped to drink an instant death; but in vain;—and through many long years have I cursed the hand that saved me. I owe my deliverance to the Bishop of Sutri's people, who, at the risk of their lives, preserved me from the rapid current of this famous river: but they only lavished their care and' attention on me, that by my death certain secrets might not be lost, which they wished to be known.

I have already said, at the commencement of this history, that my tongue and my pen were restricted by an horrid oath, and can never declare distinctly certain events that now befell me. As soon as I was able to reflect on what had happened to me, I instantly conjectured what would be my fate: I found myself under the same power which had formerly seized me; and that I was again the prisoner of the Bishop of ***, from whom the Archbishop of Mayence had rescued me.

My conjectures indeed were soon verified; the same conduct was required of me, the same

questions asked me as formerly, the same methods taken to make me divulge those things which they in part already knew, but wished still to be more fully informed of by me. My enemies at last grew tired of questioning, but not of tormenting me.

Ademar, I have told you the number of years I groaned beneath their torments. Death seemed continually to approach me; and must I then still live, live for mine, perhaps, for your misfortune, while so many others have, one after another, left the world! Some quitted life by the slow progress of lingering disease;—others were suddenly taken off, until at last I saw nothing but new faces about me. A circle of men established themselves as my judges, who at appointed times would have heard and dismissed me, had they not been informed by their predecessors that I was a person of consequence, and therefore expected to learn things of importance from me.

What these things were I could never particularly understand: why I was imprisoned in this castle, was the most extraordinary interrogatory I had yet heard from my tormentors:

it was the same I had myself frequently asked my judges at an earlier period of my imprisonment, but asked in vain. It was evident, however, that I had not so many years been loaded with chains from having my hands polluted with the blood of an Emperor, but from some other cause unknown to me, and on which, when they interrogated me, I could give no satisfaction.—They accordingly supposed the ignorance by which I defended myself to be perverseness and obstinacy, and gave orders to afflict me with new torments. They then left me, perhaps to laugh away, at some merry meeting, the tediousness of my obstinacy and perverseness.—At my next examination I related for my justification as much of my history as I thought consistent, by which I rendered my situation more intolerable. God knows from what circumstances in it, they held me to be an adherent to certain doctrines; under the appellation of Heretic I endured added torments; no satisfaction that I could give my executioners was of any avail to me. The solicitude to find out what I knew of the secret proceedings again appeared, and my chains became

indissoluble. I was innocently suspected of being concerned in all those enigmatical proceedings of the tribunal, of which they demanded an explanation; and, on my not complying, they augmented my misery. No one at last knew what they ought to think of me; and this mystery gave me a personal importance which increased the rigours of my confinement. It was the custom, even after I had suffered twenty years in this prison, strictly to charge the keeper (who had been changed ten times since I had been here), on his entrance into his office, to aggravate the horrors of my sad situation. They would allow of no mitigation to my long series of griefs, although they knew not my crimes: they were determined to take my life rather than grant me my liberty.

O liberty! liberty! thou most inestimable of all blessings, how should I conduct myself with thee after having been so long separated from thee? Poor and dispirited,—grown old in affliction, and goaded by remorse of conscience, why should I again wish to enter the world, to which I am a stranger, and where I have so long been forgotten? O liberty, it is long since I wished

for thee.—Many a year has passed away since thou wouldst have been a blessing to me.

I am now arrived at the last period of my imprisonment, when I was almost sunk into the insensibility of a brute. All my feelings, all my faculties were blunted; I was not insane, but my reason was too weak for reflection: I found myself in a state of stupefaction and lethargy, from whence nought but some very extraordinary event could awaken me. Then Ademar, like a guardian angel, appeared.—You know, Ademar, the issue of this resuscitation. I had then lived thirty years in that dungeon: you had guarded me during eleven months, as keeper of the castle; and had not once seen your prisoner.—You had also been obliged to take the dreadful oath on your entrance, and such horrid representations had been made of me, that I had no right to complain of you. On the contrary, I could not fail of being sensible that I was under the government of a milder guardian: your servant was under the influence of a gentler master, and was therefore more attentive to my misery. I remarked a degree of cleanliness and regularity in every thing that

surrounded me, the love of which was not yet extinguished in me ; and from which I derived the hope of some approaching good. The smallest ray of light which presses into a dark prison finds access to the bosom of the wretched prisoner, and gives him comfort : I was, however, too deeply sunk in distress to feel, in any great degree, the sweets of such pleasing ideas, and the conscious amendment of my fate, which, Ademar, through thy humanity I enjoyed, found me quite unprepared to receive the change that awaited me ; and the stroke of wonder and astonishment that awoke me from my stupefaction.

Ademar, you well know the condition, in which you found me, when the lightning shewed you the way into my dungeon: you also know how I recovered by your care : you were told that the storm which had fallen on the out parts of the castle, had also done much damage to the subterraneous vaults ; and that part had fallen on the old man, and broken his fetters for ever.

Here your heart was moved for the wretch whom you had never seen ; you came to me yourself, and endeavoured to restore me to life. As your care of me increased, your pity aug-

mented, and I became dear to you. Instead of returning me to my dungeon, you did every thing in your power to alleviate my misery: you did all you could do without perjury, and I am contented: greater happiness, perhaps, would have been beyond the powers of my enfeebled nature.

Thanks to thee, good Ademar, for all the comfort thou hast procured me; for the power to thank thee, which thou hast awakened in me; for the faint glimmering light, as I am now almost blind, by which I write these pages, after thirty long years of uninterrupted night; for all, all that I have since received of comfort and satisfaction. I thank thee also, for the precaution and care you employed in saving and protecting me:—alas! why can I not owe to thee the oblivion of past sufferings; but that is impossible. For thy sake I have awakened in my soul the remembrances of those sufferings; through love for thee I have transcribed all that terrifies my mind!—Oh! Ademar! Ademar! what I have now done for thee surpasses my strength; I must lay down the pen, and repose from my labour.

Evert Von Remen's Conclusion.

POSTERITY, you now know the man whom I deliver to your tribunal.—You know him from his own confessions, and from various events that were little known to himself, and which after his death, with much trouble, at the risk of my life, with the loss of safety and repose, I collected together from their concealment, to justify his memory to the world.

O Adolf! Adolf! thou hast fallen a victim to ambition; which elevated you to a rank, from whence envy instantly endeavoured to pull you down. You were allured to quit your possessions, that others might with greater security rob you of them: you had secret enemies, who, to attain their aim, imperceptibly ensnared you in the destiny of the great; you were made the engine of their fall,—but were not destined to fall with them. You were then

trodden in the dust; you were forgotten, until the expiration of near fifty years, when thy friend unexpectedly found thee, and indulged the hope, the fruitless hope, to restore thee to all which once was thine. You smiled at the promise I had made, saying, Evert, it is a task you cannot perform;—all that you can give me are a peaceful grave and an heart-felt tear:—think of these things alone, my friend, for I shall soon want them. What he foretold shortly happened. He who survived the unheard of torments of a thirty years rigorous imprisonment; he whom the humane Ademar during the ten succeeding years taught to cherish life, and learn to forget his sufferings, alas! he could not support the added portion of happiness which I brought him. The friend of his youth, his faithful Evert Von Remen was again given to him: all the advantages which solicitous friendship and affection, which anxious zeal and adequate power could ensure to him, were his. But when I beckoned him, as it were, to come and receive them, it was too late. On the eighth day after our re-union he died in my arms. Oft have I thought that his being again united to the friend

and companion of his infancy, excited in his mind those powerful emotions which his weak condition could not support; and that the sight of me accelerated his end.—Some of his last words will live for ever in my remembrance. O my friend, my friend, said he, after one of those pleasant hours we mutually enjoyed, you are wrong if you imagine my joy at seeing you is as pure as yours.—The sight of you is a bitter reproach to me: what have you not done, what have you not endured for my sake!—and how have I rewarded you? alas! in return for all your kindness, I disowned, abandoned, and forgot you. What a different path in life should I have pursued, had I been led by thy friendly hand. The first step I made without thee, conducted me to that long misery, from which thou wouldest now deliver me.

I felt the truth of these sentiments; but I endeavoured to turn it from his mind. For my sake he feigned a tranquillity, as if he had banished these melancholy reflections: but they returned, I fear, with redoubled violence in his solitary moments, and soon broke the slender thread of his life.

Ademar, who on my taking possession of the castle was released from his office, through friendship for the unfortunate prisoner, still remained with us, and joined me in my care of him. He was almost inseparable from my ever to be regretted friend. Ten years converse in the solitude of a castle, and the interchange of congenial sentiments, had so strictly united them, that the one could not survive the other : Ademar, who in comparison with Adolf, then seventy years of age, was a man in the vigour of life, died three months after their separation. He left me the writings which my unfortunate friend had compiled for him, and asked, as a return, to be buried in the same grave with Alf Von Deulmen. I thank him for these inestimable remembrances of our mutual friend ; I thank him for the various pictures he has drawn from his history, and in which his pencil (for he was a proficient) so finely delineated and so affectingly represented the most interesting passages of it. I also thank him for the suggestions which have induced me to make researches in all these records, which I have collected for the justification of our friend.

I found the principal part of them in the Celestine convent at Pamiers ; but what, for my own consolation, now on the brink of the grave, I wished to find, that I could not.—I know that my adored Alverda, after the untimely death of the Empress Beatrice, returned to this convent: I flattered myself with the fond hopes of finding her still alive, but—I was disappointed ; the poor Alverda had suffered too much to reach this distant period.—Eliza, the Queen of Castile, unhappy under the tyranny of an husband, who was entirely governed by monks, survived her sister Beatrice but one short year ; and the innocent Alverda quickly followed her to the grave. All that they could shew me, that remained of her, were her tomb, and her letters ; which, besides many other authentic writings, I obtained and brought away with me :—and each faint sketch, which tells me that the unfortunate, the calumniated Evert Von Remen was not entirely forgotten by her, will ever be most dear and sacred to me.